METROPOLITAN RECORD.

VOL. I---NO. 9. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1859. Price, Six Cents.

The White Day.

"Cressa ne carent, pulchra dies nota."—HORACE.

White is the day
That bears us away
To the blest hills of the land that we love;
Mirror of Heaven,
Wondrously given
To them that invoke from above.

Oh, then away!
Why should we stay
In the cold ray of the world here around?
God calls away,
Where He hallows the day,
Diffusing His peace so profound.

Peace, like a river,
Peace, like the sea,
Clear and deep, still and deep, yet evermore flowing;
Peace from His breast,
Who giveth his rest
To the soul in His own image glowing.

White happy day,
That calls us away
To the blest hills of that land now so nigh.
Mirror of Heaven,
Wondrously given
To them that invoke from on high.

LOUISE MARCHAND;

Or, the French Schoolmistress.

BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

The dim and flickering light of a lamp filled the narrow room, one of the poorest and most humble that was ever seen on the fifth floor of a Parisian house. Yet it was scrupulously neat and clean; and the white curtains of the bed, which stood in the recess, gave it an indescribable air of tidiness. A wooden crucifix suspended on the wall at the foot of the couch seemed to indicate the religious feelings of the owners of this apartment; whilst the few books piled up on the chest of drawers showed a more refined and literary taste than might have been expected from the general homeliness and poverty of the place.

A young girl and an elderly woman were seated near the table on which the lamp was placed. It was a cold winter's night, yet no fire burned on the dark and cheerless hearth; for the season being unusually severe, wood was too dear for the poor. The girl—child she might almost have been called, so slight and delicate was her form—seemed to be about twelve or fourteen years old. She was a gentle, blue-eyed, fair-haired creature, who would have been thought pretty, had not her pale cheeks and sunken eyes too clearly betrayed the traces of poverty and want. Her mother, for such the elderly female evidently was, appeared to be at least sixty. Her features, which her young daughter strikingly resembled, had formerly been good, but offered a rather weak and vacillating expression. She was attired in deep mourning, and wore the French widow's black *crepe* cap; but, though strictly neat, her dress consisted of the poorest and coarsest woolen stuff. Both herself and her daughter were busy in shirt-making—a branch of female industry as badly remunerated in France as it is in England. The evening was far advanced, yet they still worked on, as if, weary though they might be, they must finish their task before thinking of rest.

"I wonder when Louise will come home?" said the young girl, after a long silence.

"There is the dress of a duchess to be finished to-night, and I suppose she must sit up," resignedly answered her mother—"besides it is not 12 o'clock yet, Rosalie. Ah!" added she, turning up her eyes towards the ceiling, "I little thought that my Louise—who is a perfect fairy, that can do what she likes with her needle, that can sew, stitch and darn, and as for mending stockings"—

"Poor Louise," interrupted Rosalie, with a deep sigh—"how hard she has to work to support us; and to think," she added in a lower tone, "that, do what I will, I can only earn a few sous a day!" And, as if the thought had inspired her with new energy, she once more feverishly bent her drooping form over the wearisome task.

The church bell struck one, when a low knock at the door startled the two females. The mother rose and admitted the new comer, who silently entered the room. This was Louise, her eldest daughter.

Louise Marchand was not more than twenty-three, yet the maturity of mind her features expressed might easily have misled a casual observer as to her real age. She was not handsome, but her clear open brow was full of intelligence and resolve, whilst her gentle glance and gentler smile imparted to her countenance a more than common charm. Without laying by her shawl, for the room was cold and damp, Louise approached her sister, and seating herself near her, anxiously observed, as she drew the tired girl towards her:

"Why do you work so late, my poor Rosalie? Mother, is this right? She, at least, should have rest."

"Why, Louise," answered Madam Marchand, in a low tone, "you earn so little, and my sight is so bad, that I am obliged to make her help me: otherwise, heaven knows she should not work so much, poor child."

Rosalie, whose head had been reclining on her sister's bosom, started up as she heard this, and opening her weary and half-closed eyes, feverishly exclaimed:

"Nay, I can work, mother—indeed, I must finish my task, Louise."

"Hush, child!" said her sister—"you have toiled enough to-day. You must sleep now, in order to be strong for to-morrow's work," she soothingly added, helping her mother, as she spoke thus, to undress the wearied girl, whom they gently laid down in the bed, where she was soon fast asleep. For several minutes Louise hung over her in mournful silence, tenderly gazing on her sister's wan and delicate features, and shuddering at the inward thought which for some months past had crossed her mind—but no, so young, it could not be.

From this sad and silent scrutiny, Louise turned towards the table, and took up her sister's work. When she laid it by, and looked up, she perceived that her mother, overcome by fatigue, had fallen asleep on her chair. Louise gently took the work from her unresisting hand, and finished it likewise, for she knew that it was to be given back early the next morning; and, though her dim eyes often closed over the task, she did not awaken her mother until it was done. She then gently roused her up, and merely said, "Mother, it is past two, and our work is finished—we may go to rest." There was a melancholy bitterness in her tone, as she spoke thus, which did not escape her mother's notice.

"Child," said she, gazing sadly on the pallid features of her daughter, "I can bear much; but it is too bad to see one that can sew, stitch and darn like you—ay, and mend—but enough," she added, interrupting herself, "I merely meant to say that this life will kill you."

"No, no, it will not kill me, mother—not me," exclaimed Louise, turning, as though with an irresistible impulse, towards the bed as she uttered the words.

Her mother grew pale. "You cannot mean that Rosalie"—

"Nay, I meant nothing," hurriedly interrupted Louise—"heed not my words. But though I could endure a great deal myself—for I know how to suffer—is it not too hard for her, a mere child yet, mother, to have to work so much? And then, to see her thus growing paler day by day, and becoming so wan and thin that my heart sinks within me when I come home at night, and find her so changed from the rosy, merry child that formerly filled the place with gladness."

As she spoke thus the eyes of Louise stood full of tears, and her mother's flowed apace; for, though both had been silently watching over the declining health of the drooping child, they had each forborne to speak on the subject. Louise was the first to rally.

"Mother," said she gently, "forgive me for having grieved you. Indeed, I meant it not; and who knows but that our rose may not bloom again, pale though she now be?" And with a faint attempt to smile, she looked towards the bed, but the wan features of Rosalie, whose head was now turned towards them in sleep, checked even the momentary feeling. Madam Marchand and her daughter exchanged a mournful glance; and whilst the mother silently took her place by the side of the sleeping girl, Louise retired to rest on the thin mattrass which was placed for her every night on the cold brick flooring of the room, and formed her only bed.

Louise and Rosalie Marchand were the daughters of a small tradesman, whose recent death on the eve of bankruptcy had reduced them and their mother to great embarrassment. But Louise possessed an energetic and courageous temper, and though she had, through the improvidence of her parents, little or no education, she had studied alone, and hers was not an entirely uninformed mind. As her mother truly said, she was very expert with her needle, and soon found work at a fashionable dressmaker's, who gave her about fifteen pence a day without her board; when she was obliged to sit up late she earned a few half-pence more. But notwithstanding her constant exertions, this did not suffice for the support of three persons, and her mother and Rosalie were soon obliged to take in some easy needlework, which was, however, scarcely remunerative. They all three toiled incessantly, and exercised the severest self-denial, yet it was with difficulty that with their slender earnings they could live and pay their rent. Louise had a strong, noble heart, but it almost sank beneath the weight of her cares; for herself she could have submissively borne much more, but to see her sister, her darling child—the pet who, whatever privation there might have been formerly in her home, had never even suspected its existence—to see her toil and suffer, it seemed too much, and more than human heart could bear. And sad was Louise's heart indeed, when she sank to sleep on her pallet, and fervent her prayer in behalf of that sister whose welfare was to her far dearer than her own.

The next day Louise went out, as usual, early in the morning; when she came home at night, her mother silently handed her a letter with a black seal. She took it with a trembling hand, and hastened to look at the signature.

"Catherine Descamps," said she with surprise; "are you sure the letter is for us, mother? We know no person of that name."

Her mother made no reply, but merely motioned her to read. Louise silently obeyed. The purport of the letter, which was addressed to Madame Marchand, was to inform her that Madame Brunet, a great-aunt of her husband's, who kept a small girls' school in the Faubourg Vaugirard, being lately deceased, and having left no other heirs than Louise and Rosalie, the school and all her goods and furniture—the value of which did not exceed two or three hundred francs—were now the property of the two sisters. The writer of this letter, who being Madame Brunet's friend, had attended to the school during her last illness, seemed desirous of keeping it, and offered the sum of five hundred francs to Madame Marchand's daughters for this privilege.

When she had read this letter, Louise fell into a deep reverie. She had never seen the deceased, and all she knew of her was that she was of a cold and selfish disposition. She could therefore feel little or no sorrow, but poor as they were, hers was no untimely gladness at the prospect of an inheritance; she neither mourned nor rejoiced, and yet she thought deeply and of many things. She thought of her mother, of her sister Rosalie, and of her declining health? What could five hundred francs do for them? The money would soon be spent, and then they must resume their present mode of life, and Rosalie must pine and droop once more. But if the school could but be theirs, how different would everything be? And her busy fancy already showed her her own figure before a desk at the head of the school-room, with Rosalie, as fresh and rosy as ever, on the foremost bench, whilst Madame Marchand sat near the window in the warm sunshine, mending the clothes of one of the boarders. But the dream was soon broken; she looked round, beheld the damp dreary room, saw her mother's aged and shivering frame, and Rosalie's pale countenance bending over her work, and she sank once more into a gloomy and abstracted mood, bitterly regretting her imperfect education, which now seemed the only bar to happiness.

This was at all times a sore subject with Louise. As a child she had shown tokens of a singularly studious disposition; her parents had been advised to send her to school, but though they consented to let her learn how to read and write, they refused to give her any further education. What could they do, they said, with a learned daughter? How was she to earn her bread? This illiberal mode of thinking was the cause of much future toil and privation for their two daughters, for though Rosalie had received more instruction than Louise, the little she knew, joined to her youth, prevented its being of any use.

But the hour of repentance was already come for Madame Marchand; she saw how, but for her imprudence Louise would now be in a fair way of earning her bread, in a manner not only more advantageous to them all, but also far more suitable to her daughter's tastes and feelings.

"Ah! Louise," she sadly exclaimed, "Why did I not let you study formerly, when we could have afforded it; though, to be sure, I always thought that if a woman knew how to sew, stitch, and darn, and"———

"Let the past be forgotten, mother," firmly observed Louise, whilst a shade of sadness crossed her features, "we will speak no more of this, but accept the offer made us; I dare say it is a fair one."

But though they spoke no more on the subject it was not forgotten, and Madame Marchand and Rosalie more than once noticed Louise's abstracted and thoughtful mood during the first few days that followed the receipt of the letter. Towards the close of the week Louise, accompanied by her mother and sister, went to the school; it was situated in a pleasant, airy street, and they found Madame Deschamps engaged in giving the children their lessons. She was an agreeable and sensible looking woman; the school-room was just as Louise's fancy had pictured it—somewhat small but sunny and cheerful. About twelve or fifteen girls, belonging to the poorer classes of life, but decently clad, and in evidently good health, were seated round a square table, conning over their lessons and filling the room with their low murmurring hum. Madame Marchand sighed as she saw this scene of simple comfort, but Louise appeared to be much interested in everything she witnessed, and closely questioned Madame Deschamps concerning the manner in which she instructed her pupils, the books she used, and the progress they made.

"The school does not bring in much now, but with better management than that of your late anut it could be rendered more productiv," observed Madame Deschamps, as she concluded answering her questions, "and if you will accept the sum I offer"——

"I thank you," calmly replied Louise, "but I shall keep the school myself."

The teacher and her mother stared at her in silent astonishment. "And, moreover," continued Louise, "if you will engage to administer faithfully this school for me during six months, I will give you a hundred francs, besides the usual salary paid in such cases."

"Louise," cried her mother, "are you dreaming?"

"No, mother," she quietly answered, I am fully sensible of what I am doing for my own advantage and for that of Rosalie."

"But do you know," exclaimed the teacher, who had scarcely yet recovered from her surprise, "that to have a school like this, it is not only necessary to *know* a great deal, but even to pass two public examinations; and that as I have as yet only passed one, I cannot legally keep this school open, unless through the tolerance of the Mayor of the *arrondissement*, who, according to general custom, kindly allows young schoolmistresses time to study and pass their examinations. Do you know this?"

"I know it," calmly replied Louise, "and I

pondered all this over before I made up my mind. I have been in the Hotel de Ville, and procured a list of all that is to be studied for the first examination. Thus I see," said she, drawing forth a printed paper from her bosom, "that it is necessary to know how to read and write, and to understand grammar, have a knowledge of sacred and ecclesiastical history, and thoroughly comprehend the new system of decimal arithmetic. I know how to read and write already; I have studied grammar alone; the rest I can learn by books."

There was a calm decision in Louise's tone which showed that her resolve was fixed. Her mother heard her in silent wonder, yet she did not dream of contradicting or opposing her, for she knew enough of Louise's strong good sense to be certain that she would always choose the right path.

"Ay, ay," said she, solemnly addressing the teacher, "she has said it, and she will do it, I'll warrant you, for she can turn her fingers to anything; and, indeed, in sewing, stitching and mending stockings, no one that I know ever came near her."

Although not quite struck with the logic of this reasoning the teacher did not seek to dissuade Louise from fulfilling her intention, but gazed on the intelligent features of the young dressmaker with mingled wonder and admiration.

"Be it so," she said at length; "do your will, for I verily believe that you are destined to succeed."

"Ay, that you are, Louise," cried Rosalie, who with flushed cheeks and kindling eyes had till then silently listened to her sister's plan; "I am sure," she vehemently added, "that you will succeed; yes, I am sure."

Six months had passed away.

It was night, and again the dull light of the lamp shone through the room. Louise sat near the table, with writing materials and a pile of books before he. Her brow was reclining on her hand, and her thoughtful glance had wandered from the open volume which lay on the table towards the bed where Rosalie slumbered almost within her reach. Poor Rosalie was paler and thinner than ever, yet there was less sadness than formerly in the gaze of her sister, as it now rested on her sleeping features, for hope whispered that all would soon be over, and that ere long Rosalie would be as happy and gay, and free from wearing toil, as she had ever been. On the next day, Louise Marchand, the dressmaker, was to pass her first examination.

But how much of hard incessant labor had she endured for this? And how much of patient noble suffering did that pale brow and paler cheek reveal, telling of days spent in the work which was to secure her daily bread, and of the many cold winter nights devoted to study and mental toil. But these trials were past, and Louise thought no more of them, for her end was attained—to-morrow was the day.

It would be tedious to relate how, during the last six months, Louise, almost without any other aid than that afforded by books—for she was two poor to be able to pay for the assistance of masters—had perfected herself on these acquirements necessary for the first examination of schoolmistresses. She had a naturally strong and quick mind, and as she saw in study no other difficulties than those it really offers, it was without much effort, though certainly not without time and labor, that she mastered the requisite knowledge; which, though it made her cheek grow pale and thin, imparted a more lofty and intellectual expression to her thoughtful features. Whilst Louise was engaged in gazing on her sister, and forming many a plan for the future, Madame Marchand entered the room. For a while neither she nor her daughter spoke. The latter at length broke through this silence by observing, with seeming calmness, "I have just received a letter, mother; to-morrow is the day."

"To-morrow!" echoed Madame Marchand, in a low tone.

"To-morrow!" eagerly repeated Rosalie, who was now awake.

There followed a long silence. Louise was the first to speak.

"I have worked hard," she said, in a low yet calm voice, "and yet I believe I am prepared. I trust in God, and fear not the result. If it be evil, heaven's will be done. It was no worldly ambition that induced me to make the trial, but a motive for which I would risk far more than I have done."

She turned as she spoke, towards Rosalie, and tenderly embraced her.

"But Louise," said the young girl, after a short pause, "you speak as though you were not certain of succeeding. Did I not say you should succeed, from the very first?"

It was somewhat strange, but, indeed, from the beginning of Louise's studies, Rosalie had persisted in asserting "that she would succeed—that she could not fail;" and from that moment her whole soul seemed absorbed in her sister's progress. She thought and spoke of nothing else; it was the only topic which could interest her. She was continually forming plans which were to be realized when Louise was schoolmistress. All her hopes and wishes were centered on this engrossing thought. There was in this passionate desire a morbid feeling, doubtless to be attributed to her delicate state of health, which awoke the solicitude of Louise and her mother. They tried to divert her mind from the subject, but it was in vain. Rosalie only grew sad and melancholy on being thwarted, and they were obliged to let her have her way.

On the present occasion, although as she gazed on her two daughters, and listened to them, her eyes grew dim with tears—Madame Marchand, apparently wishing not to seem moved, and perhaps also to put a stop to their discourse, almost abruptly reminded them that it was fully time to go to bed, and that they were only wasting lamp oil by staying up so long. Louise heard her in silense, and obeyed by immediately retiring to rest, though both Rosalie and her mother observed that she first prayed for a longer space of time than usual.

Morning came. The day was a bright sunny one in March, and Madame Marchand and her two daughters were up at an early hour. When their frugal breakfast was over they went out, and directed their steps along the quays towards the Hotel de Ville, or Townhouse of Paris, where the examinations take place. Louise was calm and thoughtful; her mother could not conceal her agitation; but Rosalie, who seemed to be in excellent spirits, talked and laughed the whole of the way, indulging in the brightest anticipations. There was, however, in her manner a degree of feverishness and wild gaiety which alarmed her sister.

"Rosalie," said she, earnestly, "do not hope for too much; for after all, I may be rejected, you know."

"No, no, Louise, that cannot be," exclaimed the young girl. "I am sure you will be successful; and if it were not to be so," she vehemently added, "I should die of grief—so say no more about it."

"Nay, Rosalie," observed Louise, stopping short, and speaking with evident anxiety, "for heaven's sake do not be so sanguine, and if I am rejected, do not let it prey upon your mind, for I can make another trial, and all will be right again."

Rosalie's features fell on hearing this.

"No," she sadly said, "if you are once rejected I know you will not try again. But I am sorry you have said all this, Louise, for I already felt quite glad, being certain that you would be accepted; and now I am sad again."

Her heart was so evidently set upon her sister's success, that Louise had not the courage to depress her spirits any further. She endeavored to comfort her, and easily succeeded in the task; for in an instant Rosalie brightened up again, and was as merry as before. Yet, though Louise knew not why, her sister's confidence, far from inspiring her with a similar feeling, seemed to her an omen of coming evil.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

STRUGGLE WITH A MADMAN IN A BALLOON.

An affair of this nature took place some fifteen or twenty days ago at the most, on the occasion of the last ascent but one of the celebrated and lucky æronaut, Mons. Godard. M. Godard took with him on that day, as his *compagnon de voyage*, a wealthy private gentleman, who paid one thousand francs for the privilege of sharing in the perils of the expedition. The weather could not have been more propitious, and the balloon shot up rapidly to a considerable altitude.

"What effect does that produce upon you?" asked M. Godard of his companion.

"Nothing," said the latter, laconically.

"My compliments to you," said M. Godard. "You are the first whom I have ever seen arrive at such an altitude without betraying some emotion."

"Keep on mounting," said the traveller, with a gravity supreme.

M. Godard threw over some ballast, and the balloon ascended some five thousand feet higher.

"And now," added M. Godard, "does your heart beat?"

"Nothing yet," replied his companion, with an air which approached closely to impatience.

"The devil!" exclaimed M. Godard; "you have really, my dear sir, the most perfect qualification to be an æronaut.

The balloon still ascended; when one thousand feet higher M. Godard interrogated a third time his companion:

"And now?"

"Nothing, nothing; not the shadow of a fear whatever!" answered the traveller, with a tone positively discontented, and like a man who had experienced a profound deception.

"Goodness me, so much the worse, then," said the æronaut, smiling; "but I must renounce all hope of making you afraid. The balloon is high enough. We are now going to descend."

"To descend!"

"Certainlo; there would be danger in mounting higher."

"That does not make the slightest difference to me; I do not choose to descend."

"You what?" asked M. Godard.

"I say I wish to ascend higher; keep on mounting. I have given one thousand francs in order to experience some emotion; I must do so, and I will not descend before I have felt some emotion."

M. Godard commenced to laugh; he believed at once that it was all a joke.

"Will you ascend once more?" demanded the traveller, seizing him by the throat, and shaking him with violence; "when shall I feel some emotion?"

M. Godard relates that at this moment he felt himself lost. A sudden and dreadful revelation broke upon him in regarding the strangely dilated eyes of his companion; he had to do with a madman!

To try to make a maniac listen to reason:
To ask for help amidst the clouds!

If even the unfortunate æronaut had had any defensive weapon, he would after all have been capable of defending himself; but it is not usual for people to furnish themselves with pistols for a voyage in a balloon, and certainly one would not dream of meeting with a warlike encounter in the stars.

The earth was five thousand feet beneath—most horrible depth; and the least movement of the now furious madman might cause the car to capsize.

M. Godard, with the presence of mind acquired by him in so many of his daring ærial expeditions, made all of these reflections in the space of a second.

"Ah! ah! you are mocking me, my fine fellow," continued the madman, without loseing his grip. "Ah! you think to rob me of one thousand francs, as well as my emotion. Very well, be quiet. It's my turn to laugh. It's you now who are going to cut a caper."

The madman was possessed of prodigious muscular force. M. Godard did not even attempt to defend himself.

"What do you wish from me?" asked he, with a calm tone and submissive air.

"Simply to amuse myself in seeing you turn a summersault," answered the madman, with a ferocious smile. "But first (the madman seemed to bethink himself) I have an idea. I wish to see if I can't find some emotion up there. I must put myself astride on the semi-circle."

The madman indicated with his finger the upper part of the balloon. He commenced to climb along the cords which held the car to the balloon, as he spoke.

M. Godard, who had not before trembled for himself, was forced to do so now for the madman.

"But, miserable man, you are going to kill yourself; you will be seized with vertigo."

"No remarks," hissed the madman, seizing him again by the throat, "or I will at once pitch you into the abyss."

"At least," observed M. Godard, "allow me to put this cord round your body, so that you may remain attached to the balloon.

"Be it so," said the madman, who appeared to comprehend the utility of the precaution.

This done, and furnished with this cord of safety, the madman commenced to climb among the ropes with the agility of a squirrel. He reached the balloon, and placed himself astride the semi-circle, as he had said. Once there he rent the air with a shout of triumph, and drew his knife from his pocket.

"What are you going to do?" asked M. Godard, who feared that he might have the idea of ripping open the balloon.

"To make myself comfortable forthwith."

Uttering these words, the madman cut the cord of safety which M. Godard had attached to his body.

With a single puff of wind to shake the balloon, the miserable creature must roll over into the abyss! M. Godard shut his eyes, in order not to see. The madman clasps his hands; he cannot contain himself with delight; he spurs the balloon with his heel, as if on horseback, to guide its flight.

"And now," yelled forth the madman, brandishing his knife, "we are going to laugh. Ah, robber, you thought to make me descend! Very well. It is you who are going to tumble down in a moment, and quicker than that!"

M. Godard had not time to make a movement, or put in a single word. Before he was able to divine the infernal intention of the madman, the latter, still astride of the semi-circle, had cut, oh! horror—four of the cordages which suspended the car to the balloon. The car inclines horribly—it only holds by two, I was going to say by one cord, so slight do they appear! It would have been all over with M. Godard, if he had not grasped desperately at the two remaining. The knife of the madman approached the last cords—yet a moment and all will be over!

"A word, a single word," cried M. Godard.

"No, no pardon," vociferated the madman.

"I do not ask for pardon; on the contrary"—

"What is it you wish, then?" said the madman, astonished.

"At this moment, now," continued the æronaut, hurriedly, "we are at a height of five thousand feet."

"Stop," said the madman, "that will be charming, to tumble down from such a height!"

"It is still too low," added M. Godard.

"How so?" asked the madman, stupefied.

"Yes," said M. Godard, "my experience as an æronaunt has taught me that death is not certain to ensue from a fall from this elevation. Tumble for tumble, I much prefer to fall from such a height as to be killed outright, rather than to risk being only lamed. Have the charity to precipitate me from a height of nine thousand feet only."

"Ah! that'll do!" said the madman, whom the mention of a more horrible fall charmed amazingly.

Mons. Godard follows heroically his purpose, and throws over an enormous quantity of ballast. The balloon makes a powerful bound, and mounts five hundred feet in a few seconds.

Only—and whilst the madman surveys this operation with a menacing air—the æronaut thinks to accomplish another, in a sense quite contrary.

The quick eye of M. Godard had remarked that amongst the cords spared by the madman figures the one leading to the valve. His plan is taken. He draws this cord, it opens the valve fixed in the upper part of the balloon for the purpose of allowing any excess of the hydrogen gas to escape, and the result which he hoped for was not long in making itself apparent. Little by little the madman becomes drowsy, asphyxiated, and insensible, by the vapors of the gas which surround him.

The madman being sufficiently aphyxiated for his purpose, M. Godard allows the balloon to descend slowly to the earth.

The drama is finished.

Arrived on *terra firma*, M. Godard, not bearing any hatred to the author of his perilous voyage, hastened to restore him to animation, and had him conveyed, hands and feet bound, to the neighboring station.

FAMILIAR PHRASES.—The term "masterly inactivity" originated with Sir James Mackintosh. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," which everybody who did not suppose it was in the Bible credited to Sterne, was stolen by him from George Herbert, who translated from the French of Henry Estienne. "The cup that cheers but not inebriates," was 'conveyed' by Cowper from Bishop Berkeley, in his "Siris." Wordsworth's "The child is father of the man," is traced from him to Milton, and from Milton to Sir Thomas More. "Like angels' visits, few and far between," is the offspring of a "Hook"—it is not Thomas Campbell's original thought. Old John Norris (1656) used it, and after him Robert Blair, as late as 1746. "There's a gude time coming" is Scott's phrase in "Rob Roy;" and the "almighty dollar" is Washington Irving's happy hit.

lebration of St. Patrick's Day.

MON OF REV. FATHER DE LUYNES, AT THE CATHEDRAL.

E PROCESSION OF THE MILITARY AND CIVIC SOCIETIES.

DRESS OF RIGHT REV. DR. O'CONNOR, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.

he celebration of the anniversary of Ireland's on Saint in our metropolis exceeded that of former year, both in point of interest and number of Military Companies and Civic Soes which participated in it. New York had a lay air, and even those who took no part in estivities of the occasion, appeared to enjoy much as those who did. As for the weather, ology could do justice to it. To say that it all that could be desired, conveys but a faint of it—it was certainly more than was exed, from the fact that St. Patrick's Day occ just about the time of the vernal equinox, h is generally the stormiest part of the sea-However, the elements were propitious, and elebration was in every way successful.

cording to the official announcement pubd in THE RECORD, Solemn Pontifical Mass celebrated in the Cathedral by the Most Archbishop, the Very Rev. William s, V. G., Assistant Priest; the Very Rev. ael McCarron and the Rev. Wm. Quinn, Deaof Honor; the Rev. John Barry, Deacon; Rev. John McEvoy, Sub-Deacon; and the Francis McNierney, Master of Ceremonies. following clergymen were present in the tuary during Mass: The Rev. Messrs. Mcr, McClellan, Driscoll, Curran, Mooney, Mcon, and McCarthy.

sermon appropriate to the occasion was ched by the Rev. Father De Luynes. The preacher read as his text a portion of the chapter of Ecclesiastics, from the 1st to the verse, inclusive:

ion, the high priest, the son of Onias, who in his ropped up the house, and in his days fortified the le.

him also the height of the temple was founded, emble building, and the high walls of the temple. his days the wells of water flowed out, and they filled as the sea above measure.

took care of his nation, and delivered it from desn.

prevailed to enlarge the city, and obtained glory in nversation with the people; and enlarged the ene of the house and the court.

shone in his day as the morning star in the midst loud, and as the moon at the full.

d as the sun when it shineth, so did he shine in the le of God.

d as the rainbow giving light in the bright clouds, s the flower of roses in the days of the spring, and e lilies that are on the brink of the water, and as sweet-smelling frankincense in the time of summer. a bright fire, and frankincense burning in the fire. a massy vessel of gold, adorned with every prestone.

an olive tree budding forth, and a cypress tree ng itself on high, when he put on the robe of , and was clothed with the perfection of power. ien he went up to the holy altar, he honored the re of holiness.

e when he took the portions out of the hands of riests, he himself stood by the altar. And about was the ring of his brethren; and as the cedar ed in Mount Libanus.

d as branches of palm trees, they stood round him, and all the sons of Aaron, in their glory.

he Rev. preacher commenced by referring to ext, which he said was unsurpassed by any age in the Holy Scriptures, for beauty of iny and depth of meaning. Beautiful as it is in teral sense, he proceeded, we look on it now in igher and symbolical signification. There, in aterial work of Simon, we have typified the influence, in the rainbow the lofty hope, in massy vessel of gold" the true worth, in the tree the principle of life, inherent and dif-e; and in the high priest standing by the , encircled by the ring of his brethren, we unity in variety; true hope, true life, true e,—in a word, true religion. And not religion mere abstraction in the realms of thought, religion living and acting, religion organized he priesthood. But this could not be predid of the Mosaic priesthood, it is only applica-o the Christian priesthood, and in a prophetic e to the eternal priest, Christ Jesus. And if passage is applicable to the Christian priest-t, is it not doubly so, is it not peculiarly so, to Apostle whom we this day honor. Who has obtained more glory in his conversation with people" than the Saint whose festival is this observed, not in Ireland alone, the scene of earthly labors, but throughout the whole Catholic world? Wherever the adorable sacrifice of Altar is offered up, there the Apostle of the nation is held in commemoration. The Rev. cher dwelt on his own inability to do justice e subject, and expressed his regret that some better qualified to discourse on such a lofty me had not been selected. Not because he unwilling to perform any duty assigned to by the proper authority, but from a deep se of his own incompetency for the task. in revolving the subject over in his mind, that ch had first excited his fears gave rise to hope; very magnitude of the subject, its variety, its pe, had first appalled and then re-assured him; as so rich, so varied, so dear and so familiar—mission of the Apostle was so replete with in-ant, so fruitful in result, so extended in dura-, so blessed and so successful, that a preacher ld scarcely fail to instruct, could scarcely fail, such a theme, to reach the heart and se the latent powers of the soul. What people, the preacher, have preserved the memory of r Apostle with such reverential love as the h? Among the apostles of nations there is e so well known and, thanks be to Heaven, so ered as St. Patrick. Wherever Irishmen are e found, whether in their own green and lovely isle, or on the lonely sea, or by the shores of the Pacific, or scattered throughout the British Colonies in the northern part of this continent, or in the busy cities and thriving towns of the Union, or in the magnificent West, left open to all by this great and glorious Republic, they this day celebrate the memory of him who did more for their country than any other mortal man. Other men may have enlightened Ireland, other men may have regenerated Ireland, other men may have thrown lustre on Ireland, but to St. Patrick alone belongs the glory of having converted and Christianized Ireland. Yes, to St. Patrick and the saintly brethren "who stood round about him" is Ireland indebted, under God, for her deliverance from the slavery of heathenism. Well may Irish hearts hold him in remembrance, and not only those who were born on the soil which he, while in the flesh, trod and hallowed, but also those who from different causes have sympathies in common with them, either from community of descent or race, or identity of religion.

St. Paul says, "the foolish things of the world hath God chosen, that he may confound the wise; and the weak things of the world hath God chosen, that he may confound the strong; and the base things of the world, and the things that are contemptible hath God chosen, and things that are not, that he might bring to nought things that are." We are reminded of this law in the dissemination of the Gospel, and in no instance more forcibly than in the introduction ofChristianity into Ireland and in the agent whom God in His Providence made use of to effect that object, for Patrick, the great man, the chosen instrument of God, Patrick, the holy youth, the priest, the bishop, the apostle, the saint, was a slave; a slave in the very land which he afterwards delivered from a more galling bondage than that which he had himself endured. It was about the year 420 or 425 that St. Patrick in one of the warlike expeditions so common in that age, was seized on the coast of Gaul by an Irish chieftain and carried captive to Ireland. But the martyrs who had captured him was doomed never to see his native land again for he died ere they reached it. Patrick was then sixteen or seventeen years of age, a holy youth, all unconscious of the wondrous designs of God in his regard, and the work he was destined to accomplish in the land of his captivity. God alone knows his thoughts during the weary years of his captivity; alone, amid strangers, in utter isolation, and yet no word of complaint was on his lips, no thought of repining was in his heart, he resigned himself to the will of God without a murmer, content to suffer whatever he was pleased to appoint. Did any idea of God's designs and of his future apostolic career pass through his mind during these eight or nine years, while cut off from all human sympathy, he tended his master's flock in lonely solitude, with no companionship save that of Nature? did he feel the stirring of the apostolic impulse, hear the first faint whisperign of the apostolic spirit? We know not; but this we know, that during the long days of summer, and the long nights of winter, in these solitary places, his soul sought by contemplation and prayer to attain to more perfect knowledge of God, and by these holy exercises he became, year by year, more fit for the apostolic labors for which he was destined. He was poor, and he learned the apostolic virtue of poverty; he was dependent and he learned the apostolic virtue of obedience; he suffered privation of every kind, and thus he learned the apostolic virtue of mortification. In this manner he prepared himself for his holy mission, and oh how his heart must have burned to communicate to the inhabitants of Ireland the glad tidings of salvation which they were already disposed to receive. Already they had heard some of the truths of the Gospel, perhaps from some Christian captive in the island, or perhaps in some of the journeys to the continent. At that time the Irish people were heathens, but it does not appear that they practised the cruelties and impurities and absurdities that characterised heathenism of other lands. They worshipped the glorious sun, the beauteous moon, and the far-twinkling stars. They worshipped all the powers of Nature, whether as symbols or attributes of a hidden deity, or as idols, we have no means of knowing. But know that natural objects were worshipped by them, a form of idolatry which was certainly less repulsive and less blameable than any other. In the midst of the idolatry that prevailed on every side of him, how must that holy youth have yearned for the day when the knowledge of the true God would extend over the true worth, in the

When Patrick had passed eight or nine years in captivity, fitting himself by the unremitting exercise of every virtue for his missionary career, he heard a voice which commanded him to return to Gaul, "Go, Patrick, forth, oh, holy youth," it seemed to say, "go forth, oh Patrick, return to thy native land, to thy father and thy mother, and thy kindred. Travel to the west and thou wilt come to the sea-coast, and there thou wilt find a ship to convey thee to thy native Gaul." St. Patrick obeyed the command, he travelled westward until he came to the coast, and strange to say he was disappointed, no vessel was there. Still, Patrick's faith wavered not, and after a time a vessel appeared, and the captain at length consented to admit him on board. After his return to Gaul we lose sight of him for seven years, but we know that he applied to St. Martin, the holy Bishop of Tours, for instructions in the sacred service of Christian perfection, and during these years labored to qualify himself more and more for the glorious task alloted to him. After some further remarks the reverend preacher said there was no period in Church history more glorious than that in which St. Patrick lived. At this time the great doctrine of the Trinity was not indeed first held, but first officially defined, the doctrine of the Incarnation was officially defined, and the doctrine of Grace, which has its origin in the doctrine of the Incarnation, was not first held, remember, but first officially defined. This age of the Church was likewise remarkable for illustrious men, for men eminent in learning and sanctity, for piety and erudition. St. Cyril, St. John Chrysostom, St. Austin, St. Jerome, St. Leo, St. Martin, St. Germain, were living in the days of St. Patrick, or had not long passed from the scene of their earthly labors. Some of these were rising in the firmament, others had reached the zenith, and others again had sunk below the horizon, passed away from earth, leaving behind them a glory like the setting sun, the reflection of their sublime and heroic virtues. For three or four years St. Patrick resided with St. Martin, practicing every Christian virtue, and longing for the time when he could undertake the great object to which he had devoted his life. Like Abraham, the father of the faithful, he was willing to go forth out of his country and from his kindred, and out of his father's house," in obedience to the will of God, and therefore was his spiritual seed multiplied exceedingly. About this time he heard in a vision the voice of the Irish people, saying, "Come," but in deference to the opinion of St. Germain, instead of seeking to return to Ireland, he withdrew from the world, and in conventual seclusion and the practice of monastic austerities passed the next nine years of his life. He was now forty-one or forty-two years old, and having received the sanction and benediction of the Pope, St. Celestine, and the zealous co-operation of some devoted priests, he set out for Ireland.

I do not intend, observed the eloquent preacher, to speak in detail of the labors and successes of the last thirty-three or forty years of St. Patrick's life. Do we not all know with what unparalleled rapidity the faith of Christ spread through that island, so that in less than a hundred years all vestiges of Paganism had disappeared. We will have a clearer estimate of the rapidity of this progress when we remember that in the tenth, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries, traces of heathenism were visible over Europe, and in Rome three hundred years elapsed before it was thoroughly uprooted and destroyed. Before his death St. Patrick had the happiness of seeing Christianity triumphant, the See of Armagh established, convents spread all over the land, and—unheard-of things, for which you will find no parallel in any quarter of the world—a native clergy and a native hierarchy to succeed him. Well might the Apostle of Ireland exclaim, in the words of St. Paul, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." But the conversion of Ireland is distinguished not only for the rapidity with which it was effected, but for its intensity and its peaceful character. There were no martyrs in Ireland, no man suffered for embracing the faith of Christ; no christian blood bedewed the soil; no tortures followed the open profession of one holy faith, and no instance of mortal persecution has been recorded. The Rev. preacher then spoke of the intensity of the religious feeling in Ireland, the zeal and sanctity of the people, the spread of religious institutions, the multitudes of sainted men and women, and the devoted missionaries that went forth from Ireland to extend the knowledge of the true God over every part of the then known world. Well might it be called an apostolic nation, he continued, for everywhere did its missionaries penetrate, preaching in every land the truths of the gospel—in Italy, in Gaul, in Germany, in England and the adjacent isles, everywhere infusing their own fervor, their own intensity, their own missionary spirit. And with religion they combined learning, carrying it with them in their wanderings, diffusing it throughout Europe, and this not for years but for centuries, for during the sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth centuries of the christian era, Irishmen were not only missionaries of religion but apostles of learning, bearing in one hand the lamp of faith, but in the other the torch of knowledge. The Rev. preacher then described the persecution Irish Catholics endured for three hundred years, their unswerving constancy and heroic endurance, and concluded by exhorting his hearers to emulate the virtues of their ancestors, and preserve with equal fidelity the precious deposit of the faith.

THE PROCESSION.

The military, as usual, led off in the procession, and we have never seen them on any similar occasion present so fine and truly martial an appearance. For this they are not a little indebted to the admirable discipline of their commandant, Col. James R. Ryan, who has been ably assisted by the various officers acting under him. We may say here that recently, when their services were called into requisition during the troubles on Staten Island, they distinguished themselves by the excellent order which was preserved in their camp, and the strict performance of their duties as citizen soldiers. On the present occasion their Colonel acted as Brigadier-General, the following officers acting as his staff: Major, Robert Nugent; Adjutant, John McKeon; Engineer, Capt. James B. Kirker; Chaplain, James Bagley; Surgeon, Robert Johnson; Assistant Surgeon, James Ferguson; Quartermaster, Mathew O'Connor; Paymaster, Mathew Kehoe.

As it was intended that the procession should be made a more marked feature in the celebration than it had been on previous occasions of the kind, a large number of military companies and benevolent associations came from other places for the purpose of taking part in it.

The procession was headed by the Sixty-ninth regiment, under the command of the following officers, in addition to those whose names are given above:

Captains.—Company A, Michael Corcoran; B, Robert Coddington; C, James Cavanagh; D, Thomas McGuire; E, Maurice Keating; F, John Brislin; G, Peter Hulpin; H, James Kelly.

Lieutenants.—Company A, First Hugh G. Flood; second Theodore Kelly, Patrick Masterson. B, First — Scanlan; second Denis Browne. C, First John Rowan; second John H. Ryan, Daniel O'Connell. D, First Samuel Frazier. E, First Patrick Kelly; second Richard P. Kelly, John Drake. F, First Patrick Tuffy; second Philip Malone. G, First John Coonan; second Thomas M. Canton, Patrick Tulley. H, First William Butler; second James Lyons, James Gannon. Supernumerary, Patrick Killoran.

Non-commissioned Staff.—Sergeant-Major, C. D. O'Sullivan; Quartermaster-Sergeant, Arthr. Tracy; Sergt. Standard Bearers, Francis Donohoe, James Conroy; Right General Guide, Jeffrey Murphy; Corporal Color Guard, M. Doolady; Corporal Drum Corps, George Denin.

The Sixty-ninth was preceded by Dodworth's Band, which performed some of its best selections during the procession. Among the airs which it played was a march dedicated to the Regiment, and set to words written for the occasion, by Mr. Richard Oulahan.

A detachment from the Seventy-second was under command of Capt. Cahill of the Emmet Guard, New Haven. It consisted of the following companies, viz: Emmett Guard, Capt. Cahill; Company G, Seventy-second Regiment, Capt. Campbell; Company C, Seventy-second Regiment, Capt. Lynn. The other battalion paraded with the Fourth as escort.

The route of the procession was as follows: Down East Broadway to Chatham street, and from Chatham street across the Park, passing in front of the City Hall, where the military and the various companies were reviewed by the Mayor. From the Park they proceeded up Broadway to Fourteenth street, through Fourteenth street to Seventh avenue, up Seventh avenue to Twenty-third street, through Twenty-third street to Broadway, down Broadway to Fourteenth street and the Academy of Music, where, according to the programme, a lecture was to be delivered by the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburgh.

CIVIC SOCIETIES ESCORTED BY MILITARY COMPANIES.

The following is the order in which the civic societies and the independent and other military companies by which they were escorted marched in the procession. The facts which we present in regard to the various benevolent associations will be found to possess much interest.

The Grand Marshal of the Civic Societies was James Sandford, Esq.

FIRST DIVISION.

Marshal, Michael Wilson; Aid, James Kavanagh.
Band.
Independant Guard, Captain John Kenney.
Hibernian Benevolent Society.

On the front of the banner was a representation of O'Connell and Washington, with the Eagle holding the Harp, and wreathed with shamrocks; below, the motto, "United, we stand; divided, we fall." On the opposite side—Emmett and Montgomery, with a Phœnix perched on the shield of Erin and America standing upon a pedestal; below, the words, "Our duty is to aid and protect the afflicted."

SECOND DIVISION.

Marshal, Thomas McKeever.
Band.
Garryowen Musketeers, Capt. Simon Gavacan.
Irish-American Benevolent Society.

This society was organized in 1851 with thirty members, which have increased to seventy five. John McBride, President; Thomas Monaghan, Secretary. The banner was inscribed with the name of the society, and had portraits of Jackson and Emmett, together with the sentence, "I wished to procure for my country the guarantee which Washington did for America."

A carriage containing Judge Connolly, William Hennessey and son.

THIRD DIVISION.

Marshal, John Tucker; Special Aid, Michael McGowan; Aids, Hugh Murray, Michael Barrett, Laurence McDonough, Thomas Kerns.
Band.
Emerald Guard, Captain John Cox.
Ancient Order of Hibernians.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians was instituted in 1853, with an object to promote friendship, unity, and true Christian charity among its members, by doing to each other what they would wish others should do by them. It is composed of twenty-two divisions in this city, comprising, in the aggregate, about twenty-seven hundred members, and is supported by dues levied monthly on all, the amount being annually expended in relieving the sick and burying the dead. There is between six and seven thousand dollars in the funds. Its present officers are—James Sandford, National Delegate; John Tucker, National Secretary; O. Keenan, Gen. President for City and County of New York; Wm. Monaghan, Vice President; Andrew Golden, Gen. Sec.; John Farrell, Asst. Sec.; T. D'Arcy, Treasurer. Each division has its own officers.

The following are the banners of the Society which were borne in the procession:

Section No. 1—On the front of the banner was a full length portrait of Washington and La Fayette with American and Irish flags blended on a shield and disposed between the two figures. On the other side is an Irish Harp surmounted by an eagle, holding in his beak the American colors, and resting on a pedestal; above this are the words: "Faith, Hope and Charity," while below is this inscription, "Under these we conquer."

Section No. 2—Front side, Washington crossing the Delaware, and under the words—"We relieve our sick and bury our dead." The other side contains a harp resting upon a rock rising from the deep and surmounted by an eagle. Above is the inscription—"United we stand—divided we fall," below which is the following:

"Vast is the ocean that divides us,
Boundless the love that unites us."

[There was no banner displayed by No. 3.]

Section No. 4—The front of the banner represented Sarsfield slaying a huge serpent, with the words, "He was Ireland's glory and the terror of his

enemies." The reverse has a figure of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, signing the Declaration of Independence.

Sons of '98, Capt. McGorman.

Ancient Order of Hibernians, Second Division.

Band.

Section No. 5.—On the front of the banner was the Harp of Erin, encircled by a wreath of shamrocks; opposite, a physician visiting the sick by the wayside; below, "We visit the sick and bury the dead."

Section No. 6.—The front of the banner represented St. Patrick preaching before the assembled Princes and Druids at Tara; opposite, Buchanan, with the American flag, eagle and Irish harp; below, the following words: "The protector of the Constitution, and the friend of the adopted citizen."

The Deignan Guard, Capt. Powers.

Ancient Order of Hibernians, Third Division.

Band.

Section No. 7.—The banner of this section had Robert Emmet delivering his great speech, after his conviction for high treason; opposite side, Gen. Jackson; above the words, "Ireland! the land of our forefathers;" below, "We support our sick and bury our dead."

Section No. 8.—On the front of the banner was Brian-Boroihme and the genius of Erin, while on the opposite was a full length portrait of Daniel O'Connell.

[Section No. 9 of this Society displayed no banner.]

Band.

Sarsfield Guard, Capt. James Cullen.

Ancient Order of Hibernians.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Marshal, Patrick McCaffrey.

Section No. 10 of the Order of Ancient Hibernians bore on the front of its banner a life size portrait of Thomas Francis Meagher and the "Genius of Erin," in the attitude of playing on her harp, which rests on a rock. Below are inscribed the following words:

"Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives."

On the opposite side of the banner was "The Surrender of Cornwallis," and above the words, "In union there is strength."

Section No. 12—On the front of the banner, Jackson and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Opposite side, a representation of the landing of Columbus.

Section No. 14—On the front of the banner, O'Connell and Washington. Below the words, "Let Friendship Flourish." Opposite side, Gen. Jackson, Sarsfield, Irish Harp and American Eagle. Below the words, "Humanity, Fidelity and Love."

Section No. 15—On the front of the banner was the same as the preceding, while on the opposite side was the Genius of Erin resting upon a Harp, with the words below, "Humanity, Fidelity and Truth."

Section No. 16—On the front side, a representation of the Committee Visiting the Sick. Above the words, "United we Stand—Divided we Fall." Below, "We relieve our sick and bury our dead." Opposite side, the Genius of Erin and St. Patrick.

Section No. 17—On the front side, O'Connell and the President of the United States. On the opposite side, a representation of the Harp of Erin.

Section No. 19—The detection of Arnold. Below the words, "We have pledged our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honors." On the reverse was a quotation from Moore:

"On our side is Virtue and Erin,
On their's is the Saxon and guilt."

Section No. 20 bore a banner representing St. Patrick in the act of leaving Ireland, followed by a company of persons, with the inscription, "We entreat thee, oh, holy youth, to come and walk amongst us." On the reverse side was a portrait of Brian Boru on horseback, with the verse:

"Long his loss shall Erin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of Immortality."

Section No. 21 carried a portrait of O'Neil, having the inscription—"He was the pride of his country and the terror of his enemies."

On the reverse—

"As buried saints have shed perfume,
Through shrines where they've been lying;
So our hearts shall borrow a sweetening bloom,
From the image he left them in dying."

Section No. 22's banner, bore the motto—"We hail for the land of our birth—we protect the land of our adoption."

Ancient Order of Hibernians of Long Island.

Marshal, Hugh Duck.

There were four Lodges of this organization, which marched in the line of the procession in the following order:

Section 1 carried a banner with a representation of Hugh O'Neal, under which were inscribed the words: "He was the pride of his country and the terror of his enemies;" on the other side, the Genius of Erin, holding a harp, and the inscription, "My cheerful harp I'll sweep once more, since Liberty is proclaimed."

Sections 2 and 3 were blended together, and carried but one banner, on which was a portrait of St. Patrick, with the words, "Faith, Hope and Charity—with these we conquer;" while on the other side was a portrait of Washington, and the inscription: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Section No. 4 bore a banner with the portraits of St. Patrick, Daniel O'Connell and Brian Boru, with the following:

"United we stand,
Divided we fall."

And

"Remember the Days of Brian Boru."

Ancient Order of Hibernians of Melrose and Morrisania.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Marshal, James Carrigan; Aid, Patrick Connell.

Band.

Old Guard, Capt. James F. Markey.

'Longshoremen's United Benevolent Society.

This Society was organized in 1852, and has made steady progress since the date of its formation. At first it had but ten members and a very small fund, but at present it numbers about a thousand men, and possesses a large fund. The names of the officers are: Rodger McGrath, President; James Kerrigan, Vice-President; Thomas Falvey, Secretary; Thos. Kelly, Treasurer.

The banner of this Society had a representation of a clipper ship taking in cargo at the dock, on one side, and on the other a representation of a sick room; below, the motto: "Union, Protection and Benevolence." This Society have also a smaller banner, the front of which has a representation of the 'Longshoremen's Society in procession, and also the Genius of Liberty holding the anchor of Hope before the vision of some orphan children; below, the words, "Whatever ye do unto any of these little ones, ye do unto me;" on the other side were portraits of Jackson and Lafayette, with the name of the Society, and "We know no distinction but merit."

FIFTH DIVISION.

Marshal, Thos. Kiernan; Aid, Chas. Allen.

Band.

National Greens, Capt. Ed. Keenan.

Quarrymen's Union Protective Society.

Organized in 1848, and has about a thousand members. The officers are: Thomas Kiernan, President; Martin Nugent, Vice-President; Chas. Allen, Secretary; Martin Tracey, Recording Secretary.

This Society displayed a banner with portraits of O'Connell and Washington on one side, and on the other a representation of the landing of Columbus, with the following inscription: "United we stand, divided we fall." There was a smaller banner, showing the act of the Good Samaritan, and the object of the Society, with the words, "We visit the sick and bury the dead;" and the date of organization, May, 1850.

SIXTH DIVISION.

Marshal, Jas. Murphy; Aids, Gregory Redmond and Michael Murphy.

Band.

The Barry Benevolent Society.

This Society was organized in 1851 by the initiation of fifteen members, who paid in fees of twenty shillings each. The Society is principally composed of natives of County Wexford, and takes its name from Commodore Barry, who was a native of Wexford himself. Its progress has been steady, and it now numbers one hundred and twenty-five members. The initiation fee is four dollars. The officers are: Michael Kerwin, President; Michael A. Plunkett, Secretary.

The banner of this Society had portraits of Washington and Commodore Barry on one side, and on the other a picture of a sick man, while underneath was written the motto: "We visit the sick." This banner is beautifully executed, and cost four hundred dollars. The name of the Society and the date of its organization was also inscribed on it as follows: "Oct. 30, 1851;" while there was also the following: "I was sick, and ye visited me."

SEVENTH DIVISION.

Marshal, Edward L. Carey.

Band.

Kings County Volunteers, Capt. Sweeney.

Father Mathew T. A. Society.

This Society was formed in 1849, with the laudable object of spreading the blessings of temperance. That the Society has amply attained its aim is very evident from the number at present enrolled in its ranks, which is pretty considerable.

The banners of this Society has on the front Father Mathew administering the pledge to a family, and on the reverse, the Genius of Erin leaning upon an unstrung harp. Above and below the words,

"The harp that once through Tara's halls,
The soul of music shed."

Besides the banner this Society displayed four finely wrought wreaths, which were presented to it by a number of ladies, by whom they were also made. The following are the names of the fair donors: Miss McCarry, Miss Kirbay, Mrs. Mahoney, and Mrs. Perry.

EIGHTH DIVISION.

Marshal, John Dwyer.

Band.

St. James' R. C. Temperance Beneficial Burial Society.

This association was organized with fifty members in 1846, who paid in fifty dollars. The following are its officers: John McGrath, President; Edward Donnelly, Vice-President, and John Ward, Treasurer.

The President and a number of guests were seated in a barouche in advance of the Society.

The banner has on the front the Cross of Faith appearing in the heavens, with the Latin words above it: "*In Hoc Signo Vinces.*" At the right a harp, at the left a fountain in full play. The opposite side has the following words wrought in golden letters: "New York Total Abstinence Benevolent Society." In addition to this banner the Society also carried a green flag on which was a shield with a harp emblazoned upon it:

NINTH DIVISION.

Marshal, Thomas Cushing; Aid, John McGinnis.

Band.

Benevolent Society of the United Sons of Erin.

This Society was organised in 1848, with a hundred and fifty members, who paid an initiation fee of three dollars each. Its officers are: Thomas Dooly, President; John Garland, Secretary.

The banner of this Society had its name inscribed on its folds and the words "Friendship softens the pillow of death."

ADDRESS OF BISHOP O'CONNOR.

The procession, as we have stated, terminated at the Academy of Music, where the address, appropriate to the occasion, was delivered by the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor. Half-past one o'clock was the hour announced, but the number who joined in the procession was so large and the route was so long, that it was about four o'clock when the military who preceded the various societies entered the building. About half an hour after all the seats in the vast edifice were occupied, and a large number were obliged to be content with whatever standing room they could find. The uniform of the military and the regalia of the different benevolent societies, gave a brilliant appearance to the whole scene. Among those who occupied the stage were the Rev. Messrs. Briady, McEvoy, Barry, Very Rev. Dr. Donnovan, Rev. Mr. Reynolds, of Pittsburgh, and other gentlemen. Dodworth's band played some of their best music before the delivery of the address. When Bishop O'Connor made his appearance he was received with the most enthusiastic applause. Silence being restored he addressed the vast assemblage as follows:

It is a common thing for persons addressing public audiences to commence by saying that they never appeared upon an occasion more gratifying to their feelings. However hackneyed the expression may be I must use it on this occasion, for no other would express the feelings that are uppermost in my soul.

The splendid array before me is well calculated to awaken a just pride in the heart of every Irishman. The warlike banners borne by the citizen soldiers, a pledge of the confidence reposed in them by their adopted country, and of their determination to stand by its honor and its interests in every emergency; the emblems of benevolence and brotherhood exhibited by the civic societies, proving that they are determined to carry into social life that charity which is the noblest trait of the patriot and the Christian; the manly bearing of all, and the green flag and harp of Erin (applause) raised aloft, shewing that the thousands here assembled have come together under the inspiration of love for our dear old native land and for the religion to which she has clung for centuries, are well calculated to excite a thrill of joy in the soul of every man who owns Ireland as the land of his birth. (Applause.) Centuries of oppression may have left her impoverished—they may have left millions without a recognised right to the means of subsistence in the land of their birth, but they have been unable to crush out those noble traits of national character that are more precious than mountains of gold, than a thousand patents of Parliamentary nobility. (Enthusiastic applause.)

We have assembled in the name of Ireland in a country that has received us with generous hospitality, but it is no departure from the compact under which that hospitality was extended that we should show a love and veneration for our native land. (Applause.) We owe to this country our undivided allegiance in all civil matters, but it was no part of the bond that we should cease to cherish a love and veneration for the land of our birth; to revere the memory of the fathers that have gone before us; or to take a noble pride in their deeds. (Renewed applause.) It was but we should have done this would have been as cruel as it would have been degrading to grant such a demand. No man above contempt would have descended to either.

On this day particularly, when we refer to events in the history of our native land, which are well calculated to excite every noble feeling, we feel we are but preparing ourselves more thoroughly to discharge all the duties of good citizens in the land of our adoption. [Applause.] There is no country that requires the moral principle to be encouraged as much as this. In saying this I don't mean to state that it is behind other countries in moral worth;—I mean to say it stands in need of the force of moral principle more than any other. As it is one of the first, in all its strength and beauty, will receive readily and transmit through all its branches any poison that may be placed at its root, while the pile of dead wood fastened together by bonds and chains will be insensible to the approach of corruption. So a country where the sentiments of the people transfuse themselves into all forms and departments of government, where the sentiment of those that rule is received from the masses, requires that greater purity should be preserved amongst these than the countries whose strength lies in a governing power that is independent of and above the lower strata of society. When we on this day recall events that are well calculated to cherish that moral principle in our souls when we can speak of the faith of our ancestors; of the adherence of the Sons of Ireland to that faith; of the sufferings endured for its preservation;—when we stand here to celebrate these things and thus to encourage love of principle and duty to God, we are doing far more even for the country with which our destinies are henceforth inseparably kindled, than if we came together to tell of some great invention that would merely add to its material wealth. The man most faithful to his God will also be the most true to his country.

What is it, in fact, that has called us together to-day? We come to celebrate the feast of St. Patrick, our glorious apostle, who more than fourteen hundred years ago bore to the shores of Ireland the torch of Faith, and there lit up a holy flame that continues to burn brightly and has communicated its heat and lustre to the most distant lands. [Applause.]

The church, in celebrating the festivals of the Saints, selects them as heroes of Christianity. In celebrating their festivals she intends to impress upon us the important traits of their character, while she does homage to their virtues. She wishes to excite us to their imitation. Though it is not for us to draw comparisons between the great Saints that God has raised up in his church, we can judge of their noble deeds; and, if a conclusion be drawn from these, we can scarcely point out in her history one more entitled to our veneration and our gratitude than that great apostle in whose honor we have assembled to-day. [Applause.] St. Patrick, during his early life, was brought a captive to Ireland and held there in bondage for many years. While in this state he was prepared for the great work that he was afterwards to perform, by becoming familiar with the language and character of the people whom he was to lead in the Church. Having escaped from his captivity he spent many years in some of the most renowned institutions of learning and piety on the continent of Europe. He studied principally at Tours and Levins, under the great Germanus, who is supposed to have been his relative. He was there trained in every virtue calculated to prepare the apostolic man. This Germanus was sent by Pope Celestine to England to counteract the influence of the Pelegran heresy that had there taken root, and there is every reason to believe that St. Patrick accompanied him on that occasion, and that Germanus there hearing of the condition of Ireland, recommended a mission to be sent to it by the Apostolic See. But whatever may have led to the mission, it was sent from Rome, and St. Patrick was its chief. Without arms, without any support from political power, trusting only to the influence of the cross, he presented himself before the assembled States of the realm at Tara, and by a happy contrivance directed their attention in a most forcible manner to the new faith he had come to announce. He was permitted by the King to go forth to announce this faith throughout the length and breadth of the land, and a change took place through his labors, of which we find no other example in the whole history of the Church. (Applause.) Within his own lifetime he saw the whole island united in homage to the Cross; within his own lifetime he saw noble churches spring up; he saw h men fitted not only to take his own place, not o to become his coadjutors, but to go forth th selves to bear the standard of the faith to o nations, and to become, like himself, apostles new countries. If we value the moral princi if we value the power of truth, the event wh we celebrate to-day is one well calculated to the admiration of every sincere soul. Efforts h been made to prove that the Christianity wh Saint Patrick planted in Ireland was differ from that which we now profess, that particula the doctrine of the authority now claimed for Bishop of Rome, was unknown to our fath But we have the most satisfactory evidence th is possible to produce that this was not the that their faith was identical with ours. The records of Ireland show this unmistakea Without entering into many details, I will all to one monument of Irish antiquity, which be said to be the most venerable now extant, is to be found in the Royal Irish Museum in City of Dublin, and is known as the "Boo Armagh." This book derives its chief autho from the fact that it is known to have been wri by one Ferdomnagh, who was an authorized co ist in the Church of Armagh about the Ninth C tury. In one part of the book, where he qu the Confessions of St. Patrick, he states tha copied them from the manuscript written Patrick's own hand." He was one of those *thorized* copyists whose names and the tim their holding office are well known to person miliar with the history of Ireland. They w something like our own recording officers, pu officials employed for the purpose of copying thoritative documents for special use. No this book, so well authenticated, of such great thority, we have one decree of a synod that Patrick himself presided over, in which it is pecially provided that all questions that may a should first be referred to the Bishop of Arm and if there they could not be satisfactorily tled they should be referred to Rome. (Applau And this very decree is appealed to in a sy held in Leighlin in the year 630, not long, th fore, after the death of Saint Patrick. Whe question arose regarding the manner of celeb ing Easter the learned Communus then pronoun a discussion which for force of argument eq anything written by Bellarmine, and for eloqu may compare with the best productions of J suet. He then speaks to the bishops and abb assembled from all parts of Ireland, of the ne sity of having recourse on this subject to R This he insists upon being done in consequen the decrees of the synods of the nation, and cludes that they should look to Rome "as children to a mother." The holy men who were in consequence reported on their return in g ing terms how they had met in that city persons of different nations, yet all united in same faith.

So we find the authority of Rome and the of Rome in every document that remain the ancient Irish Church, from Communu Malachi, who long before an English foot wa in a hostile attitude on her shores (applause) directed to go to Rome, and went there to the sanction of the Pope to the enactments had been made in the national synod. But the readiness with which the Irish nation ent into the fold of the faith is a great fact in our tory, to which we can point with pleasure; constancy in adhering to that faith under e species of trial and suffering is one in which are more nearly interested, and in which we say we have greater reason to be proud—for t sufferings, these trials have been borne by t who have come nearer to our own times—nay have seen many, and perhaps many of yourse have been among those—who suffered for steadfastness in that faith. It would be en to refer to the penal code that was enacted t tirpate the faith of Ireland. But the fidelit the people was proof against all the assaults were made even by that code, which Burke nounced to be the most ingenious contrivan man to degrade and to debase human nature. its enactments and their severe execution not sufficient to draw our fathers from the fai which they clung. They took away their pro ty; their country was confiscated; stripped the church of all her possessions; destroyed her monasteries, and her institutio learning, and reduced her people for the cele tion of the Divine Mysteries to take refuge in erns and open fields. Many even of may have seen crowds assemble to a at the sacrifice of the mass, without any covering but the canopy of heaven. A Bisho living in Ireland told me that when he was cr crated there was not in the whole diocese one gle chapel under the roof of which the pe could assemble to hear the Word of God or a at the celebration of the mass. But though e thing was taken from the people of Ireland steadfastness of their faith was beyond the p of the tyrant; they preserved that sacred t ure till better times had arrived, and they sh its power by the excellence of the institu which they again raised. (Applause.) It said saying that "the darkest hour of the nig that which precedes the dawn," and so it w Ireland. The time of penal enactments had yet entirely passed away when the people sh their fidelity to the faith in erecting monum of religion in every part of the country as soo it became possible to do so. Though the co winter might seem to have destroyed all ver and to have deprived the earth of its vital po yet scarcely does spring make its genial hea pear when the shrubs and the flowers bud giving proof that that power was only dorm and is now showing itself with redoubled vig the beauty and luxuriance of its new product (Applause.) Thus it was with the faith of land. Though after they had deprived the Ch of her property and the people of almost e thing they possessed, when the day of prosp and comparative peace began to dawn, the ber of churches and institutions of charity were dotted over the land gave clear proof o power and strength of the faith that had ex all the while. (Applause.) But even after th verity of the penal enactments had passed a another persecution awaited the people of Ire another severe test was applied to their fid for England, no longer able to destroy their by force, despairing of success in this way deavored, by sly enactments, to lay its hand that church in which the faith of the nation enshrined. Here, too, the fidelity of the p baffled their calculations, and when emancip

offered them with the condition that the government might obtain some influence in the nomination of their Bishops, some influence in the government of their church, the whole Irish manhood forward in the strength of their faith, told the government that they would not accept emancipation itself upon such conditions—they would prefer to remain in their shackles rather than permit any bonds to be placed on the action of their Church, which they loved above their things upon earth. And for more than fifty years emancipation offered upon such conditions was rejected and defeated by those who were in the name of the people of Ireland. [Enthusiastic applause.] So it was with education—the loved education, they loved it from their best days; it was always a proud boast of manhood that from the first day she became an obedient child of the Church she was as distinguished for her love of learning as for the piety of her children. In early days her schools were not opened to her own sons, but thousands sought and fled to them from every part of Europe. There were colleges in every part of Ireland, where even England were glad to send their children to be educated, and the names of many such places, down to this day, give proof of what I state—such as Mayo of the Saxons," where a college existed for the instruction of those who came from England. Nor was it merely by receiving students abroad that they showed their fondness for learning. Learned men went forth from their institutions to enlighten every part of the Continent, and many of the most illustrious universities acknowledge Irishmen for their founders, or most distinguished members that gave them light in their infancy. Charlemagne, himself, got learned men from Ireland to encourage and strengthen the cause of education in which he was deeply interested. This fondness for education and for learning adhered to them through their trials, and when it was a crime to be educated at home they willingly incurred the expense and trouble of sending their children abroad to receive instruction. (Applause.) Had it not been the great love of learning, which, like their very oppressors could not crush out, Ireland would be to-day the most degraded country on the face of the earth. Bishop England tells us that his own father was put in prison for no other crime than that of teaching Mathematics, which was not allowed to do because of his being a Catholic.

Having in vain endeavored to resist the desire Irishmen for education, the English government at last attempted to take it into its own hands, and in its attempts to satisfy this craving for its systems of public education were devised, by which, notwithstanding their desire for its benefit the whole nation recoiled when they found their faith imperriled. (Applause.) The system of national education was at last established in which they found practical security for their religion, and in the thousands and hundreds of thousands that flocked to avail themselves of its benefits they showed their persevering love of education and their determination not to accept of this boon at the risk of their faith. Should the English government at any day endeavor to blot this system, as they did others, to the destruction of the faith, of the people, I think we have enough of the feelings of our nation to judge ourselves that such an undertaking would be a signal for the desertion of the thousands of Catholics who attend these schools—they would be the schoolhouses empty if education could not be obtained there without sacrificing their religion. (Applause.)

The sufferings of Ireland were for a long time a enigma to those who tried to study the ways of Providence—they appeared a paradox to those who loved to see in everything the dealings of a God. "How," it was asked by many, "could action so faithful to its duty to heaven—how it that a nation which had made so many saints, should be permitted to be borne down so low, while they who revelled in her oppression appeared to receive all its worldly blessings?" Those who have lived to see the solution of this problem—we have lived to see a reason which in the ways of Providence is perfectly in accordance with its provisions in dealing with the races of men. It is not in the lifetime of one man, nor in the course of one century, that these designs of Providence develope themselves. The ancient Romans were accustomed to assign as the reason of the growth and diffusion of the Roman Empire, that God wished by this to prepare a way for the more easy diffusion of the gospel, that those men who, under the invocation of Jupiter carried the Roman eagles to the utmost bounds of the earth, were, in all probability, only the forerunners of the gospel, opening up the way, preparing the links by which the gospel of Jesus Christ might be transmitted to the most distant lands.

In our days the influence of Great Britain has extended itself to every part of the known world; she has established her colonies on both hemispheres; she has planted a new empire in far off Australia, and we have heard many expatiating on the diffusion of the English language, which in a few years ago was spoken by not more than twenty millions, and is now the language of over one hundred millions of the human race; and this appears to be but the commencement. Politicians have assign various causes for this. But they who know that the rulers of the earth and the destinies of men are in the hands of Providence, will look for a better explanation than is afforded by political economy. Would it be presumption to say that this extension of the power of Great Britain, as well as she is to faithful Ireland, has been, in the designs of heaven, but intended to disseminate the faith of Ireland throughout the vast extent of her possessions, and even under a hostile manner to carry the cause of the cross into the most distant lands. Such, at any rate, has been the result. England established her power in many places by the grossest iniquities, but whatever may have been her designs, with the arms of England went forth the sons of Ireland. Wherever she penetrated, she established factories and military posts, but at the side of these the Irishman elevated the cross. It may have been but a cast that he erected in the beginning, but in it the holy sacrifice of the Mass was offered and the true faith was preached. The hut was soon replaced by a noble edifice, worthy of the sacred cause which it was dedicated, and the faith preached everywhere through the instrumentality, though spite the wishes of Great Britain. (Applause.) What would be the condition of the Catholic Church to-day in this vast English-speaking world, if Ireland had not remained true to the faith of her fathers? What would be the position of this vast people in regard to that holy cause which we consider to be the most important one on earth? The English-speaking world would be like another Russia, where the Catholic missionary dare hardly put his foot; where the Catholic faith may be said almost to be unknown. And what a difference would it make in the whole world, if all those countries in Europe, Asia, Australia, Africa and America, where the English language is now spoken, if they were all unfriendly hostile to the Catholic faith! It may, then, be but a proper explanation of the designs of Providence to say that in the dispensation of God England holds power that she may be the carrier of the faith of her persecuted sister, whom, happily for herself, she has not been enabled to enlist in her rebellion against the Church.

A new empire is rising in Australia, and there, in consequence of this infusion of Irish faith, we already find the Catholic Church on a footing of recognized equality with other denominations. And even in India, and all her possessions, the name of Catholic is upheld by Irish arms. (Applause.) England herself—we can say it with pride, though she may seem to have made great advances to the Church—owes this, in a great measure, to the influence of the example of the Irish emigrant, for though she has many and noble sons who have adorned the Church with their virtues; though many of her best men have paid it the homage of their genius, and made great sacrifices to gain the blessing of her communion, these men, however illustrious, could be only like so many green spots in the desert—beautiful indeed, but only serving to show in darker colors the depth of the desolation by which they were surrounded. (Applause.) It is only the warm energy and the generosity of the Irish heart that has caused noble churches to spring up, that has caused the faith to be known and respected, and to create some hope that England may become again what she was before—an island of saints.

In this great country I am the last person to be unwilling to do homage to the many illustrious persons of other races who have adorned the Church, who have stood at the altar, who have worn the mitre—who were a blessing to our infant Church. But after all, with all due homage to their virtues and noble deeds, what is the great element of strength of the Church in this country? It is the generosity, the ardent faith of the people of Ireland. (Applause.) You have in this city your old Cathedral, dedicated to the honor of God under the patronage of St. Patrick. The two clergymen, the worthy men who presided over the Catholics of this city when that great work was undertaken, were not Irishmen. One was a native of Germany, the other was of the Maryland stock of Catholic emigrants; yet they rendered homage to the nationality of those who strengthened their arms, on whom they relied for support, and for the means of carrying out that great work, by dedicating it to the Apostle of Ireland. (Applause.) And when a new Cathedral will adorn this city—which will, I trust, be its most beautiful ornament—it will retain the name of St. Patrick, for though it will, of course, receive the support of the Catholics of every race, no one will contain that this homage should be rendered to the chief and the strongest element enlisted in its erection. (Enthusiastic applause.) And so it is; go where you will throughout the length and breadth of the land, others have done much, but all will unite in admitting that it is the generosity of the Irishman above all, that raised the cross in the East and the West, whether it was a Frenchman, or a Pole, or a German, that administered to his spiritual wants, it was Irish generosity that above all other things enabled the cause of Catholicity to prosper here, and monuments to be erected under its patronage to the honor of God. (Renewed applause.)

A few months ago I happened to be in company with some French priests, and one of them related the following anecdote: In oppression I was in a certain village in the West a priest had commenced a small church, but that when the walls were raised a few feet he found himself unable to continue it and obliged to abandon the undertaking. So it remained as an object at which every one in the neighborhood would occasionally sneer. "The Catholics," they were in the habit of saying, "thought of building a church, but being unable to finish it, they left it as it is, and it will remain." After a short time some poor Irish laborers were passing looking for work—(for Irishmen who go to the West don't go to beg, they go looking for honest labor.) [Enthusiastic cheering.] Their attention was directed to this building, and on enquiring what it was, they received the usual answer. "Well, then," said these poor laborers, "if it was commenced by the Catholic Church it shall not be our fault if it is not finished. Here we will remain. [Vociferous applause.] Here we will stay till we see the cross raised over it." (Renewed applause.) And they remained there working about among the farmers and in the village as much as was necessary for their support, but every week they devoted a part of the time to complete the building. They detailed some of their companions to stop other laborers on the road who were told what they were doing and who joined them in the good work. And there they remained and there they labored till the building was erected and they heard mass under its roof. (Tumultuous applause.)

On this day the feast of St. Patrick will be celebrated in many churches dedicated in his name in this farm land, wherever you go—in every Diocese, almost in every county—you will find some church that bears his name. We, too, in Pittsburg have received abundant proofs of this zeal of Irishmen. A few months ago I obtained a copy of the register of baptism written by the French chaplains when there was nothing but a French fort where Pittsburg now stands. Among these are entered the baptisms of several children of Irish parents, and the chaplain remarks, to explain how Irishmen came to be there, that these persons came from the English settlement to obtain the advantages of religion. (Applause.) These poor men who had settled on the Atlantic coast, were not afraid to face the vast wilds of the West, beset as it was then by Indians, that they might reach a place of which they had heard nothing but that they might there obtain the consolations of religion.

The first church that was built in Pittsburg was indeed an humble structure. I saw the original contract that was made for its erection. It was to have been built for the great sum of $580. (Laughter and applause.) But yet it was easily seen by whom it was erected, for it was dedicated to God under the patronage of St. Patrick. (Applause.) The same men who erected this humble building, when their means enabled them, undertook another church, which was the proudest monument of the Western valley. There at the commencement of the Ohio River, it raised its majestic proportions, and was admired by all for its beauty. For more than twenty years the Catholics had labored to gather together the means by which the expenses incurred in its erection might be defrayed, when, as you already know, a calamitious fire reduced it to ashes in a few hours. It was for the purpose of obtaining aid towards defraying the expenses incurred in erecting a new Cathedral in its place, that I came to this city. I have received generous aid from men of every nationality, but while I thank them from my soul, they will all be perfectly satisfied that I should here declare that before all I have proofs of generosity from Irishmen. (Renewed applause.) And this meeting that takes place to-day in honor of our patron Saint has been prompted by those who represent the societies here assembled, all of whom, of their own accord, have undertaken to pledge you to afford us assistance. For what you have done, I desire in the name of my people and in my own name to return my heartfelt thanks. By this generous course you exhibit on this day the Benevolence, Patriotism and Religion of which I trust the shamrock you wear is an emblem, indicating that these three virtues all combined in one are deeply seated in your souls. [Enthusiastic applause.]

DINNER OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK.

This Society celebrated the day in its usual social and friendly manner, at the Metropolitan Hotel. The company present numbered about two hundred persons. Mr. O'Gorman occupied the chair as President, and among those present were the following gentlemen: Mayor Tiemann, Gen. Shields, U. S. Senator; William M. Evarts, Esq., of the New England Society; Mr. Johnston, of the St. Andrews'; Mr. T. Ward, of the St. George's; the President of the St. Nicholas Society; Judge Clerke, Judge Daly, Judge Hilton, Bartholomew O'Connor, Esq., James T. Brady, Thomas F. Meagher, Frank Byrne, Parke Godwin, Joseph Stuart, Daniel Devlin, Richard Busteed, Charles A. May, Edward Boyle, William E. Robinson, A. V. Stout, Michael Phelan, and several others.

When the good things before them had been discussed, Mr. O'Gorman addressed the company as follows:

BRETHREN OF THIS ANCIENT SOCIETY, GENTLEMEN AND GOOD FRIENDS ALL: Another Winter has gone by. The blessed Spring has come to us again, awakening all nature from its sleep. There is not a blade of grass, there is not a tree in the forest, nor a living thing but feels the thrill of its genial influence. Among the rest, this hardy little plant —[holding up a shamrock]—bear comfort to our island by honor and love—the shamrock lifts its head, just in time for Irish hands to gather—just in time to rest upon Irish hearts—to grace our National Festival, and swim or drown in our cups on Patrick's Day. [Applause.] This Society has been pleased to elect me to be its President this year—[applause]—and to-night to bid you welcome in its name. I am very grateful for this mark of esteem. It is an honor I am proud of, I remember how worthily this post has been hitherto filled by my honorable predecessors, many of whom I see around me. I remember, too, how venerable is this Society, and, in its origin and its purpose, how well deserving the respect and affection of Irishmen. [Applause.] Seventy-five years ago a few Irish gentlemen in this city founded the Society of the "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," to the end that in it Irishmen, in all time to come, might find help, comfort and enjoyment. They hoped that it might be for them and their descendants a permanent bond of brotherhood; and in order to keep ever in bloom, as it were, the flower of hospitality and good fellowship they had transplanted, they joined us, on this once, at least, in each year, whenever our national anniversary comes round, we should meet together, and in good cheer and conviviality honor the day, revive the friendship, the loves of bygone years; the sacred and softening memories of the dear old times. [Applause.] These, the honored founders of our Society, have long since passed away. But their purpose, it has not been unfulfilled; the spirit that animated them has not died, but survived them, and lives and presides over us, and sanctifies our revel to-night. Seventy-five years ago! Think what a changed world it is since then. It was the year 1784. In Ireland, then, the great voice of Grattan rang like the blast of a trumpet loud and clear, rousing from their lethargy the genius and chivalry of the land. How was it here? This city was small then, almost a cluster of houses. But New York had just then looked on a great sight—the most heroic scene of a hero's life—a conqueror in the midst of his conquering army, laying more than regal power down —returning to its scabbard that had never been drawn in an ignoble quarrel—bidding his soldiers one by one, farewell, and returning to his home. Some things were done in this City of New York, seventy-five years ago by George Washington, then as now, the foremost man in all this world. There were giants on the earth in these days. Feebly it glimmered then in the western sky, just struggling, out from the clouds that had beset it, that new constellation of thirteen stars. Seventy-five years have passed—it has increased in number and brightness till, star after star flashing out into the light, from thirteen it has grown to thirty-three, and all the heavens are covered with the light of its glory. [Cheers.] May that constellation shine on through long ages, without one star the less—without one ray shorn of its splendor. There were not many Irishmen in America then. There were some; but the number was not worth counting. Irishmen and their descendants are so numerous here to-day that it is scarce possible to count them. Through all these years of change this society has lived on, representing in many respects, the various vicissitudes of the country whose memory it was destined to guard. There fell upon Ireland a terrible disaster. We had no heart for merriment, and for some gloomy years this day passed without its accustomed festivity. That woeful time is gone—but let us hope never to return. A future of commercial activity and success seems opening for Ireland. The Old Land is stirred with new hope—fresh life is throbbing in its veins. The hour for mourning is gone by, and this society, true to its representative character, with fuller numbers and a prouder, happier tone, gathers its children around it to-night. [Cheers.] What better representative could Ireland have? I look around this table. I see Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen who have won, because they deserved to win, the prizes of life. [Cheers.] They brought to the struggle courage, endurance, self-control—and for men so armed there is no such thing as defeat. Here, for instance, my eye falls upon one man, upon whose shoulders America has imposed the heaviest duties, and whose head it has crowned with its highest honors. Who, as a judge, unflinching; honest and able as a Senator; in the field—in the van of America's battles—true as the steel by his side. [Cheers.] Let the United States claim Shield as a citizen, but let me to-night claim him as a brother, and say that the dear old land is proud of him as a son. [Enthusiastic cheers.] I see Irishmen of various races, of every shade and hue of politics—of, I never cared to inquire, how many different creeds. What matter? Are we not all Irishmen, acknowledging that one tie—knit together in one brotherhood—wearing all on our breasts and in our hearts the sacred color of the Irish nation. [Cheers.] As it is with us here in New York, so may it be with Irishmen in Ireland. Like some neglected family, dwelling in a spot remote and excluded from society, Ire[illegible] had grown slipshod and slattern, wont to lounge through life—careless of the present, hopeless of the future—intent only in the trifles or follies, or worse—on wretched quarrels about nothing, in which victory and defeat are alike disgraceful. That time is past. Education is letting in the light, and prejudices, like noisome things, big and bold enough in the darkness, shrink and dwindle and die in the blessed beams. [Cheers.] Commerce has opened a new highway. Every few weeks the boom of a signal gun of Arran awakens the Island from her seclusion and bids her smarten up, for America is knocking at her door. [Cheers.] I have faith in the destiny of the dear old Island, and its indestructible race. We shall be proud of her yet. And now, may no unkind word or foolish act mar the promise of this propitious hour. May there be peace in Ireland—peace; not the torpor of abject submission, not the stagnation of manly thought, but a healthy repose, an honorable peace—peace between race and race, and class and class, and sect and sect; peace between the government and the governed, between the castle and the cottage, the rich and the poor; peace, that all mindful of the errors, the passions, the follies, the crimes of the past, may learn at last to repent, to forgive, to forget, to amend. Let those who talk of their rights not forget their duties. Let all remember that a nation is a living thing—that one class cannot pine under wrong—nay, that the finger of injustice cannot be laid on one man without a wound to the honor, the health and the safety of the whole. [Cheers.] Thus, with hearts full of fond remembrance, of love and hope, the friendly sons of St. Patrick of this city of New York, to their brethren across the Atlantic, send greeting, and to all true Irishmen, wherever they may be scattered all over the earth, bid God speed. [Cheers.] Brethren, gentlemen, friends, all—once more, welcome! *"Failthea! Failthea! ceud mille failthea!"* [Enthusiastic cheering.]

The first toast was:

St. Patrick's Day and all who honor it.

The company rose *en masse* and gave three rousing cheers.

The second was:

The United States—the land we live in.

Parke Godwin, Esq., replied. He indulged in some pleasant remarks, which were received with laughter and applause. He reiterated one sterling truth, to wit, that wherever Irishmen go they carry with them a true manly sentiment, and introduce liberty. Mr. Godwin concluded by proposing

The Senate of the United States,

which instantly evoked tumultuous calls for "Shields." Senator Shields rose amid renewed cheering. In compliance with the wish of the company he mounted the table, and after alluding to his physical debility, which, though such as to demand his absence, had not been able to prevent his joining in the festivities of the Friendly Sons, said that, after all, he felt that the reception he had received would prove to be the best of all cures, for no more efficacious medicine could come from one Irish heart to another than their sympathy and applause. He would like, he said, to speak of St. Patrick, who was an adopted Irishman. [Applause.] He believed him to have been a great and a good man, and that he did a great deal for that fine old country in which he labored and died. He was sorry we had not a longer and a better history of the Saint, as he was perfectly satisfied that we had very elaborate histories of men who were far inferior to him. [Cheers.] But he was not Ireland's only Saint. He (Senator S.) believed Ireland was considered the Land of Saints. No doubt she had a great many of them, and he supposed they were necessary. But it was very curious how our country could get along now without any saints. Here was America, and it was a great country and a prosperous one, and he did not believe it ever had a saint. (Cheers.) He agreed with his excellent and eloquent friend at the head of the table (Mr. O'Gorman) that there is a future for Ireland, and that that future is not far distant either—that that old Harp would wake again. (Loud cheers.) Ireland was now proving that in soil, in climate, in resources and in race, there was not only a future in store for her, but a future that would put to shame those who had been looking down on her and despising her. There had not been in Europe for years past any one country that had made such progress as poor old Ireland—that is, real progress, not humbug progress—material and moral progress, the progress that any nation and any people ought to be proud of. (Cheers.) This proved all that he had ever claimed for the Irish people or the Irish race. It proved that they had the capacity of development. (Cheers.) Here, in this country, they had few disadvantages. When they landed on these shores they looked for fair play and they got it. Here they had a free competition, and here, although there might be little prejudices to encounter—for prejudices existed everywhere,—yet, here they had a clear stage and a fair fight. And if, as one of them had said, they had a clear stage and fair play, and did not succeed, then they ought to be put under. (Prolonged cheering.)

One of the causes of their ills had been the weakness which prevented their uniting. Keep a people weak, and they will always be kept divided. But when they get strong and prosperous then they all unite. Ireland was now strong, and now her people united. He was proud of this; he was glad of it. One of the symptoms of this change was exhibited in the fact that when Irishmen were in the habit of vexing the world with their complaints about their wrongs and grievances, the world gave little heed to them. They were showing their sores to the world, and begging its sympathy, when they should have assisted themselves. But that day had gone by. [Cheers.] That was womanly; he never liked it. [Renewed cheers.] He asked pardon of the ladies—it was not womanly; women did not do such things. It was childish. (Great cheering.) Ireland was unfortunate, but she was not the only unfortunate nation in the world. Men were sometimes unfortunate; but it did not follow that because a man was wronged he was to proclaim it to everybody. If he could not right his wrong, if he could not avenge it, let him be silent about it. That was how he (the speaker) always thought. As long as Irishmen were lamenting about their wrongs, and whining about them, he never expected any good from them. (Cheers.) Now, their tone was changed. Irishmen were not talking about their wrongs now. No, they were talking about their future now, and that great future they would achieve. The Irish used to be called, we know, an eloquent race and a witty race, as Irish eloquence and wit were proberbial. He was just going to say that the Irish were now almost as dull and respectable as their neighbors. (Loud cheering and laughter.) Probably they did not think that a good sign. But he would say that was a sign. It was a sign that they were at work—that they were doing something. He had a kind of theory that just in proportion as a man talks will he fail to act. (Cheers.) When the Irish were talking a great deal he never thought they were doing much. Now, he believed they had commenced to work, and were determined to do something. (Cheers.) Every one that arrived here showed what they were doing now. Work was in the race. One of the gentlemen had said that the race was an effeminate one. In one sense it was, for every man had a double nature; every man had a man's nature and a woman's nature. (Cheers.) He wished to correct himself. The gentleman had said that the Irish had feminine traits. That was true; but he (Senator S.) would tell them what he thought the Irish race was capable of. It had a double quality; it had all the enthusiasm, ardor, imagination and passion of a Southern race, and it had all the strength, vigor, hardiness and courage of a Northern race. (Loud cheers.) In that respect it was a peculiar race, and in that respect it was somewhat of an unmanagable race. (Cheers.) It was a good deal like what the old Roman General said the Spaniards were. He said he had tried them every way, and he did not know what to do with them; they were the most unmanagable people in the world, for he could not make slaves of them. (Cheers and laughter.) He (General S.) must say that there never was a race on the earth, in regard to which so much trouble had been taken to make slaves of them, as the Irish. They had been the most indomitable and the most unmanagable slaves that he ever heard of or knew of. But he should detain the company no longer. ("shement cries of "go on.")

He was only throwing out thoughts as they arose in his mind, and had no intention of trespassing on the patience of the assemblage. He felt that his name had been mentioned generously, flatteringly, and in too partial terms. He did not deserve such compliments. Here we had nothing of that kind to boast of. No Irishman could boast of what he did in this country. He comes here, he adopts it as his home, he swears to protect the American flag as the flag of his country, and he is bound to do it as a man. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) And just in proportion as he is a real, genuine Irishman, so in proportion is he a real and loyal American. He would say this, and no real, genuine American would gainsay it, that the Irish emigrant to the United States is the first man to become Americanized and the last man to forget his native country. (Loud cheers.) The Americans knew this. He knew it. They feel it; they believe it. They might occasionally have their little laugh at our blunders, but they trust Irishmen. They have no doubts about them. They are not afraid of them either in the councils of the nation or in the battle-field. (Great cheering.) What higher proof could there be of that than that he, humble as he was, a poor Irish boy, should come to this country, and in the course of time should represent two sovereign States of this confederacy. (Cheers.) What other man but an Irishman could Americans trust in that way? (Vociferous cheering.) Americans knew this, and they knew the fact that the Irishman has no divided allegiance—that he can love his country and love America also, and be true to both. (Cheers.) He has the love for his country which a brave and good man may have for his mother, and yet not love his wife the less. Again, said the speaker, I return you my sincere thanks, my friends. (Cries of "Go on.") I thank you warmly for your kindness and for the generous sentiments you have expressed in my regard. I am not able to speak, as you can see for yourselves, and therefore you will accept my apology for my inability to address you longer.

Gen. Shields resumed his seat amid tumultuous cheering.

The third toast was:

Ireland—the home of our Fathers.

In compliance with urgent and oft-repeated calls, Mr. James T. Brady rose to respond. He spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT: My voice is not to-night so perfectly in order that I can afford to impose myself upon this audience, unless they have the patience and the kindness to listen to me in silence during the brief period that I shall claim the privilege of occupying their attention. (Loud cheers.) And I regret exceedingly that from a want of knowledge on the part of some as to who the last speaker was, the silence of the grave did not pervade this room when the words of General Shields were falling upon our ears. (Renewed cheering.) Certainly no ambition leads a public man, in these times, to desire that his fellow men shall hear him at all, for if there be anything that unfortunately characterizes this country, of which I am a native, and this age in which we live, it is the almost total absence of reverence for personal worth, and the slight regard for individuality. (Cheers.) For, in the case of a man like him who last addressed this assemblage, with no special advantages attending his birth, with no high place already prepared for him, and with no high lineage that I know of to give him momentum in life, the career through which he has passed ought to be a guide, a light, and a birth right to the land of his adoption strive for the honor of his name and cover him with all the glories which belong to heroic success. (Loud cheers.) I am called upon, Mr. President, to speak of Ireland and of Irishmen. One of her many gifted sons now present, (Mr. Meagher), could better perform that grateful duty, but perhaps you will listen to me for a few minutes while I say something about Ireland, as one of a class numerous here and elsewhere, who, though they are not of Irish birth, are proud of their Irish origin. (Loud cheers.) It is accorded to us, Mr. President—to us Americans of Irish parentage—that we can afford to be Irish once a year without being called hypocrites. (Cheers.) And I believe I speak the sentiment of my class in saying that when we look forward to that beautiful period of spring of which you have so handsomely spoken—when we look forward to that period when

> "The Queen of the Spring, as she roves through the vale,
> Leaves her robe on the trees and her breath on the gale,"

there is no promise of that beautiful season so full of delight to the heart of the Irishman as that which assures him that St. Patrick's Day is coming—a day on which he cannot only drown the shamrock, but with it the recollection of everything except that which contributes to the brotherhood and harmony of Irishmen. (Cheers.) Mr. President, I find that I am growing serious. (Cries of "not at all.") I am, and it is about time that I should be gay. The display of bottles on this table certainly indicates that we have had no reason to be grave; and if I have not profited by the opportunity, I do not deserve the associations in which I find myself. (Cheers.) Mr. President, I am here amongst the sinners, and far removed from the saints. I sent a letter to you, to know how many of the holy brotherhood were represented here to-night, and I find that we have St. George, St. Nicholas, St. Andrew, and—St. Moses. (Cheers and laughter.) If, Mr. President, there are any other saints coming I hope you will let us know, for our friend, Gen. Shields, has informed us that Ireland was once called "the Land of Saints," and I suppose that you of that canonized class, at that end of the table, think that we are utterly devoid of sanctity in this quarter. (Mr. Brady occupied a somewhat remote position at one of the side tables, and in thus alluding to the fact, evoked much laughter and cheering.) It is a very great mistake to be conscious of his head too weak for a Patrick's night festivity. (Cheers.) But, sir, although we are not of the privileged class which decorates that end of the room, yet we of the Celtic race know from high Irish authority that all of our ancestors who were not kings were saints. (Cheers.) I am very proud to find St. George and the rest of those gentlemen here—very proud indeed—but don't you remember what the Irish poet has told us in song? Don't you remember the dispute not only about the birthplace of St. Patrick, but about the day of his birth? Did not some of them insist that it was the 8th, and others that it was the 9th, and did not some philosophical Irishman, full of the inspiration of the shamrock and of whiskey, pacifically disposed and anxious to prove that the Irish are not always divided, offer to combine 8 with 9 and make a compromise on 17? (Laughter.)

> "Combine eight with nine, seventeen is the mark;
> Let that be his birthday.—Amen says the clerk."

(Laughter.) That stood very well until they consulted high ecclesiastical authority, which decided that there was a mistake, and nobody could have two birthdays but a twin. (Cheers.) Considering all the circumstances, however, it can be seen that if he is not a twin, sure history will show that he is worth at least any two saints of them all. (Laughter and cheers.) Well, certainly, he is, and I say it with all due deference to the other saints, who will speak for themselves presently. Did he not inaugurate that shamrock, of which you, sir, so eloquently spoke—that shamrock which, by some strange perversion of language, we talk of drowning! I have never forgiven my ancester the murder that is involved in that expression. (Applause.) I can understand that that diminutive production of the vegetable kingdom may feel itself refreshed when, in the early dawn, the dews of heaven descend with pleasure upon it. (Applause.) I can understand how it is the emblem of pleasure, of poetry, of poetry, of wit, of genius and of social joy. I can understand that whenever the sun has risen to day upon any portion of the habitable globe, his beams have fallen upon no portion of it which has not been pressed by the foot of the adventurous Irishman—no portion of it where the shamrock has not been "divorced" according to the custom of our mother country—no portion of it which has not been bathed in his tears and ensanguined by his blood. (Immense cheering.) "From battle fields"—to use the language of the American poet—"From battle fields, where armies madly drove and dashed their hosts against each other, if the bugle call of eternity and judgment were sounded, from every part of this earth of ours will start the forms of Irishmen." (Enthusiastic cheering.) But, sir, the shamrock has not yet fulfilled the errand of its destiny. Illustrating, as it does, all of which I have spoken, it also illustrates one thing more which Irishmen have not always appreciated. (Cries of hear, hear.) It illustrates fraternity and union. (Hear, hear.) Irishmen had, for a time, forgotten that the three-fold developments of a common nativity were compatible with the integrity of the source from whence they sprung. (Loud cheers.) It must not be forgotten that if Irishmen had always appreciated the sentiment which I have thus feebly expressed, the sunburst would not be their only glory—no, nor the spirited words, "Erin Go Bragh!" But, added to this, might stand resplendent through all time those magic letters flaming upon the crest of my country, and which, I hope, are an indication of its present and a prophecy of its future greatness: "E Pluribus Unum." (Loud cheers.) Before resuming my seat, I claim the privilege of saying a few words for a class not so dignified nor so elevated as those to which I have referred. I talk in the spirit of frankness, and to men who will do me the justice of believing that I speak my sentiments when I speak for the humbler classes, for the poor, of whom, as some has said, there is no historian—for the stalwart arms and the noble hearts of the laboring Irish, the architects of the whole earth wherever their labor was required. (Loud cheers.) The pyramids of Egypt stand in the desert; the magnificent structures of Thebes arrest the attention and defy the investigation of the scholar; the theologist stands mute in the presence of those mighty relics of the noble race. The names of the kings may pass away, but the physical results remain. So the Irish have monuments of industry undying as those of Egypt. (Applause.) I speak, sir, for this class, not in my own language, but I ask your patient attention while I read to you a few lines from the great Quaker poet of America, John G. Whittier;

> "Pioneer of Erin's outcasts,
> With his fiddle and his pack,
> Little dreamed the village Saxons
> Of the myriads at his back.
>
> "How he wrought with spade and fiddle,
> Delved by day and sang by night,
> With a hand that never wearied,
> And a heart forever light.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> "By the blazing hearth of winter
> Pleasant seemed his simple tales,
> 'Midst the grimmed Yorkshire legends
> And the mountain myths of Wales."

I leave the subject, however, but before closing I wish to say, following up the remarks of General Shields, that it is in this country that one portion of Ireland's future is to be developed to its last capacity. (Cheers.) We who spring from the Irish stock are perfectly content that our individual existences may be swallowed up if they contribute to glory and renown, the liberty and progress of this young giant whom we wish to stand foremost among the nations. (Cheers.) Any one who would desire to show how Irish genius and valor have been exhibited and commemorated on this soil, can find two brilliant illustrations in the monuments at St. Paul's Church in this city, where are perpetuated the great names of Emmett and Montgomery. Let us hope that Irishmen and their descendants will never do anything which may not contribute to the prosperity and honor of this great Republic. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

At the close of Mr. Brady's remarks the Glee Club entertained the company with some excellent vocal music, after which Mayor Tiemann addressed them in response to the fourth regular toast,

The City of New York.

On rising, he was received with three cheers. He said it was scarcely respectable to call upon a Dutchman to address an Irish assembly, but when asked to respond to New York, he could not refuse. The Irishmen, the Dutchmen, and all others, had found a home in New York, and, as a New Yorker, he hoped this would always be the case. He had reviewed a body of Irishmen to-day, made up of the bone and sinew of the country; and although it was proverbial that on St. Patrick's Day there should be a free fight, yet he was proud to say there was not a drunken man among them; they were a respectable body of men, and he felt proud of them, although he had no Irish blood in him. If he had, perhaps, he would speak better. (Applause.) He had heard it said that Irishmen in the British army would throw away the balls and fire blank cartridge at Americans if called upon to fight against them. He had tried to find out why this was, and he came to the conclusion that it was for fear they'd shoot their brothers. There were many Irish in the army of the United States—no doubt there were some Dutchmen too—and all loved their father-land. In his opinion, the man who did not love the land of his birth was not worthy the confidence of the land of his adoption. (Applause.) He loved the land of his fathers, and why not Irishmen to do the same? If he had Irish blood in him he would say more; but as he had not, he would sit down. He had a great deal more to say, but he forgot it. His Honor then sat down amid great applause.

The fifth regular toast, "*Civil and Religious Liberty*," was happily responded to by Judge Daly, who was frequently applauded during his remarks.

Then came the sixth toast, "*Moore, Davis and the Poetry of Ireland*," to which Mr. Meagher made the following remarks:

In the preface to his history of Ireland—a work which with such splendid ability has been translated by our friend John O'Mahony—Dr. Keating vehemently complains of the false statements which certain writers, previous to his time, had indulged in to the disparagement of the Irish race. He bluntly gives the lie to Strabo, who asserts that our forefathers lived on human flesh. [Laughter.] With Julius Solinus, a scribbler of the First Century, who stated there were no bees in Ireland, and that the male children, for the first month after their birth, received their food on the point of a sword—[Laughter]—he is no less indignant. Giraldus Cambrensis comes next. The outlawed priest of the Galtees pounces upon this libeller and strips him naked of his pretensions. Edmund Spenser fares no better. His veracity is impeached, his presumption is rebuked, his ignorance of Irish affairs is scornfully exposed. Were it not for the license allowed him as a poet, he would be mercilessly chastised. [Cheers.] Last of all, Keating lays his fierce hand upon Campion. This gentleman had mentioned, somewhere in his writings, that once upon a time there had been a very licentious prelate in Ireland, who, with the hope of raising the wind, had dealt largely in preposterous stories. He was charged, for instance, with affirming that St. Patrick and St. Peter had quarrelled so desperately about an Irish ragamuffin, whom the former wished to introduce amongst the Saints, that St. Peter struck St. Patrick on the head with the key of heaven, and fractured his skull. [Loud laughter.] The imputation that an Irish prelate could invent so scandalous a fable, and that an Irish congregation could be coaxed to believe it, exas-

perates to the highest pitch the curate of [illegible] and he flings Campion aside with the remark that he appears less in the character of an historian than in that of a mountebank, vending rich squibs from a show box. [Laughter.] Campion lived a short time longer, Geoffrey Keating, to have had other villifiers of the Irish race arise and punish. The very year of his death there came to Ireland a flippant little Frenchman, one De la Boullaye le Gouz, who with the [illegible] vivacity revived the sneers, the blunders and the scandals, which the ingenuous historian—Campion, brave, dear old priest of Aberlow—had so peppiled down. [Cheers.] What says De la Boullaye le Gouz? What says this Michael Angemarsh of 1644? The native Irish are very Papists and Catholics, but know little or nothing of religion. [Laughter.] The red-haired men are considered the handsomest; and amongst these those who are freckled like trout, are esteemed the most beautiful. [Laughter.] The men in their own language in English characters, such a way that no one but themselves can read it. The women wear a napkin on the head in the manner of the Egyptians, The men have six yards of frieze drawn round the body, and over the head, and sleep, work and fight in this mantle, for the generality of them have and dispense with shirts. [Loud laughter.] Where else? He says that the Irish are foreigners, love the Spaniards as their brothers, the French as their friends, the Italians as their cousins, the Germans as their relatives, and the Swiss and Scotch as their irreconcilable enemies. [Renewed laughter.] Did the Friendly Son Patrick ever hear of their progenitors having been so flagrantly compromised in literature before? Never, sir, never, in addition to that if their ancestors at any time remained masters of the field of battle, there remained [illegible] my; whereas, if they were routed, they [illegible] such a manner that it was impossible to [illegible] them? Above all, did they ever hear that Society of Irishmen was to be avoided on the 17th of March, since on that day it was the fashion to [illegible] Irish an unconquerable insanity, as the friar of Burgos, pummelled the jelly in honor of the day, ascertained to be [illegible] [Laughter and cheering.] But, sir, we can [illegible] De la Boullaye le Gouz. We can promptly and heartily forgive him. Underneath the rough and squalid exterior he has described, he has found upon a heart that is sensitively impressionable, quickly susceptible of the gentlest influences, ever prompt to answer the prayer for charity, to throb or cry of humanity, the sudden appeal to the feast, the challenge which danger [illegible] flashes out, the adjuration of an oppressed people, or the welcome of a nation, in which, as in all [illegible] there, the noblest hopes and struggles of the Old World find their commensurate, and frequently their only home to be, there is a summation. [Loud applause.] In a word, the little Frenchman laid his hand, through three or six yards of frieze he speaks of, right upon the Irish heart, and whimsical and fretful as it bears upright testimony to the faith of which it is the shrine, the hospitality of which the fountain, the love, the mirth, the pathos, the [illegible] genius, the munificent and the generous with which it exhucrates. [Continued applause.] Where the day we celebrate is the favored festival of that heart, it would be an offence or a [illegible] tion to apologise for the tribute, however [illegible] it may be offered, which, from remote and [illegible] quarters, we produce in illustration of [illegible] Besides, sir, the hour which you have [illegible] me to speak, urges this tribute—urges [illegible] ders it inevitable—for it is impossible to [illegible] the poetry of Ireland without speaking [illegible] heart, and of that heart Thomas Moore, Thomas Davis, in our day, have been the [illegible] interpreters. [Great cheering.] There they [illegible] —beautiful in death, incorruptible, radiant in the genius which ennobled their lives—[illegible] them memorable—solemn as the Shades in their flowing robes and snow-white fillets, with the founder of Lavinium beheld in the midst of the green retreats and laurels of the Eridanus.

> "Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti
> Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo."

Or better still—infinitely better than an Apelles, or an Athenian chisel could exhibit—[illegible] there they stand as they were seen in life—[illegible] is Moore, as Gerald Griffin found him [illegible] ing in his study in Sloperton cottage. [illegible] is, a table before him covered with books and papers, a drawer half open, stuffed with [illegible] in open close beside him. There he [illegible] self—a little man, full of spirit, with eyes [illegible] feet and frame for ever in motion—[illegible] though it would be a feat for him to sit for [illegible] minutes still in his chair. There he is—[illegible] little fellow tidily buttoned up—young and [illegible] at heart, though his hair reminds one of [illegible] in the sunset. He is not handsome, perhaps; [illegible] there is something about him that irresistibly [illegible] tracts, overcomes and captivates. [Cheers.] [illegible] mind the pert primness of his coat—never his dandy eye-glass—never mind his evening [illegible] elegancies of look, speech, attitude and [illegible] He is an Irishman—pleasant, sprightly, [illegible] hearty, loving—and, as Carlyle has said of [illegible] Jean Paul, his soul is deep, though the stream [illegible] it perpetually leaps and sparkles in the sun. [Great applause.] And there is Thomas Davis, as you, sir, and I have seen him in days of [illegible] public excitement, hopefulness and ecstasy—[illegible] his honest, clear, bright face upturned, [illegible] eye fixed intently upon some book, some [illegible] some curious relic, some commanding figure [illegible] vast crowd before him, some dead or living [illegible] bol of the country, in the stormy cause of [illegible] his being was engulphed. [Enthusiastic cheering.] Concerning him, sir, there can be no mistake—[illegible] vital sincerity, a consuming fervor, a [illegible] industry, an intense love for the beautiful [illegible] and nature, for the land of his birth, for [illegible] the gifted, the heroic, the manacled or [illegible] of her history, these are the passions which [illegible] minate that earnest face. The rapid [illegible] bles, the wiry neck is strained, the [illegible] overspread with a net-work of swollen [illegible] rare enthusiasm possesses and inflames [illegible] weeps for the Victor of Benburb—

"Weep the Victor of Benburb—weep him, [illegible] and old,

Weep for him, ye women, your Beautiful lies [illegible]
Sages in the council was he, kindest in the [illegible]
Sure, ne'er was never won a battle—it was Eoghan [illegible]
slain." [Cheering.]

Or he follows the fortune of the emigrant—

> "——— Where manly toil
> Surely reaps the crop it sows,
> Glorious woods and teeming soil,
> Where the broad Missouri flows."

[Renewed cheering.] Or with clenched hand and flashing eye, and with a voice that rings like Murat's in the charge at Aboukir, he tells us how on the field of Fontenoy,

"Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang,
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun
With bloody plumes, the Irish stand—the field is fought and won!"

[Loud and enthusiastic cheering.] Between these two men—between Thomas Moore and Thomas Davis—linked together, as they are, in the brighter visions of the past, and sharing equally in the grateful recognition we render them this night—it would be unworthy of us to institute a contrast. It would be sadly out of place. A chilling intrusion, it would hurt the wine, the wit, the humor of the hour. In no criticising mood—in no conceit of scholarship—but manfully, graciously, proudly we have met here to do honor, not in the language of the schools, but in the language of the heart, to the land of our birth, our parentage, and our race—a duty which, if omitted, evaded or disowned, would, in every relation of life, expose us to suspicion, distrust, a just scorn and isolation—"for he that loves not his country can love nothing"—and, as a natural consequence of this devotion, we recall the names, and pledge ourselves in brimming cups to the memories of those, her sons, who have with a supreme excellence upheld her ancient reputation for song and learning, and with the force of their genius, making good the daring prophecy itself that

"The stranger shall hear her lament on his plains,
The song of her harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till her masters themselves, as they rivet her chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep"—

have done so much to compensate her for the adversities, the affronts, the frauds that have been her bitter portion, and palliate the loss of these proud insignia and solid guarantees, for which she has no longer contended, and to which, for better or for worse, with an inexterminable nobility she still aspires. [Hear, hear, and cheers.] That I speak of Thomas Moore with no inordinate partiality when I assert so large a measure of beneficence and victory for his genius, let the fact suffice that he has familiarized every cultivated nation with the melodies of Ireland, and identified her minstrelsy with the cause of liberty, wherever there has been a brave fight, a tradition, faith, eloquence or great sufferings to sustain the same. Poland, where his songs have been in battle the inspiration of her children, as they were in the revolution of 1830—Spain, with whose olives he entwined the shamrock—Persia, where the lingering worshippers of Mythra have had the romance of Hafed and Hinda translated into their own luxurious tongue—these, in attestation of his fame, are the witnesses I invoke. [Loud cheering.] Need I add, that, this time twelvemonth, away up in the mountains of Costa Rica, seven thousand feet above the sea, I heard a sonorous democrat, a native of New York, declaim those famous lines—

"Is Iran's pride then gone for ever,
Quenched with the flame in Mithra's caves?
Nor she has sons that never, never
Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves,
While Heaven has light or Earth has graves!"

The declamatory flunker who weighed two hundred and seventy-five pounds, was dissatisfied with the magistracy of Costa Rica, panted for a change, refreshed himself with the belief that a revolution was maturing, and in the midst of the superb solitudes of his self-inflicting exile revelled in all the treason, the scorn, the vengeance which his Lalla Rook exuberantly supplied. [Renewed laughter and cheers.] As for Thomas Davis, beyond his own country he is little known. A career sufficiently eventful was not vouchsafed to him for the attainment of a celebrity commensurate with the greatness of his heart, his intellect, his aim and labors. He had not completed the third year of his public life when the red leaves rustled on his grave. His purity of purpose, his sheer disinterestedness, his abhorrence of egotistical display, his extreme modesty and self-denial—these were the virtues which conspired with death to restrict his renown. [Applause.] Had he lived a little longer, his ripening genius, multiplying its golden fruit and showering itself down on every clime, would have been as widely organized to-day as that of Burns, as that of Beranger, as that of Moore himself. But in the brief day allowed him, he did the work of a generation of goodness, and, with the knowledge and ambition he awoke, well nigh secured to Ireland a fruitful and resplendent future. [Applause.] As you, sir, in a recent conversation with me, remarked—Whilst Thomas Moore made Ireland known to strangers, Thomas Davis made Ireland known to herself. [Hear, hear.] In his abounding ballads he taught her that she had a history brimful of love, piety, patriotism, the most adventurous and heroic. In his softer lyrics—"The Girl of Dunbwy," "The Bride of Mallow," "The Boatman of Kinsale," and "Emmeline Talbot"—he renewed the beauty of the Island, awoke the echoes of Ceim-an-eich, startled the red deer from the hazel thicket, called forth from the Rath the buried chieftains, realized the legend of the *clock-oir*, the vocal stones of the Sun, endowing with utterance, as it were, the *cairn* and *cromleach*, and arraying them in light as the apostles of the past. In his didactic odes, with a condensed simplicity and fire, in words that struck right home to the Irish heart, he inculcated truthfulness, manhood, consistent industry, the rank mischief of religious feuds, the power and holiness of fraternal union, the prowess of the educated mind, the fertility and grandeur of a national existence—the virtues, the graces, the wealth, the honors, the healthful pride it propagates—the blessing which such an existence becomes to mankind at large, and the perpetual tribute which, with its accumulating fruits, its gold and frankincense, its toils and charities, from dawn to sundown, it renders to the God of Nature. [Enthusiastic applause.] For all that I have spoken, sir, my theme still remains not unexhausted only, but barely touched. I cannot help it. The field into which I have been invited—the stars I have been summoned to explain—the Poets and Poetry of Ireland—this is a garden, and these are radiances, upon which the proprieties and exigencies of the feast will not suffer me to descant. Would to Heavens! that for this night these boards were Irish turf, and the memories we evoke were living men. Would to Heavens! that by some fairy-craft or witchery we could summon to this banquet all these who have with a thrilling mastery swept the chords of the Irish harp, and with immortal verse—the music of the spheres, the echoes of the eternal hills, have extolled the name of Ireland, and avenged her wayward fate. From Amergin to O'Neeve, and from O'Neeve to Callanan of Gougane Barra, we should have them all. [Continued cheering.] Interspersed with halberts and swords of brass, with golden bitted bridles, such as were carried before the Chief in battle—the fir, the yew of Aughnanure, the arbutus of the Lakes, the fern

"Which waves on our crags like the plume of a king,
Or bends like a nun over clear well or spring,"

should decorate these walls. You, Mr. President, should be dressed for the occasion—should have the *barrad*, the high conical cap your ancestors used to wear, and of which they thought so much, that they invested the head of an angel with it, in the church yard of St. Peter's, Drogheda. Round your neck, sir, you should have the collar of gold which the Irish judges used formerly to wear—an inestimable collar, tightening as it did instinctively upon the neck of the wearer if he attempted to pronounce a false sentence, and continuing to squeeze him until he rendered up a just one. [Great laughter.] And over your shoulders should be thrown a mantle, such as Maelmorda, King of Leinster, wore—a mantle, according to Dr. Warner, of the richest silk, fringed with lace of great value, and fastened at the neck with a golden button. Our excellent and venerable friend, Richard Bell, who has for so many years officiated as procurator and chaplain to the Friendly Sons, should have the Druidical white robe, the golden crescent and the crown of oak leaves. [Hear, hear, and prolonged laughter.] But, for fear he might look too like a Pagan priest, he should have a string of pears to hang behind each, such as the abbot of Duleek is represented to have worn. [Hear, hear, cheers and laughter.] The Friendly Sons themselves should have, each of them, a shirt of thirty ells of linen dyed with saffron, a leather girdle wherewith to fasten it round the loins, a red cloak with a hood and border of shagged hair, drawn together at the breast with a silver *fibula*, short boots made of raw skin, and beards such as those which incensed the bare-faced courtiers of King John and provoked the prohibitory act of Henry the Sixth—an act compelling the whole of Ireland to be shaved under pain of confiscation. [Roars of laughter.] Then in walnut bowls or goblets, in silver-rimmed shells and *corns* of gold, overflowing with the cider of Affane, the wine of Irelagh, or mead such as sparkled at the feast of Concobar, the Chief of the Red-Branch Knights—upstanding and uncovered—amid the surging of our recovered harps—our toast should be—Ireland, past, present and to come—her sons the world over—may the prophecy of Diarmagh, be fulfilled, that on the surface of the earth no country shall equal Eire. [Loud and continued cheering.]

The toast to "*Our Sister Societies*" was responded to by representatives of the various societies present—Mr. William M. Evarts, of the New England; Mr. Johnston, of the St. Andrew's; Mr. Ward, of the St. George's; Judge Clerke, of the St. Nicholas, and Mr. P. J. Joachimssen, of the Hebrew Benevolent.

After this came the toast of "*The Press*," which was appropriately responded to by Captain Lyons, of The New York Herald.

The last toast was "*Woman*—In our grief or gladness, in brightness or in gloom, always the joy and light of life." To this Mr. Brougham responded in his usual felicitous manner.

This closed the list of regular, but there was a number of voluntary toasts, which, with some capital music, filled up the measure of the evening's enjoyment.

SOIREE OF THE FITZGERALD GUARD.—The members of this company and a large number of their friends, celebrated the occasion by a soiree at the City Assembly Rooms. There were no speeches made, but the evening was none the less pleasantly spent for the omission, and all who were present were better satisfied than if there had been. By this arrangement the time which would otherwise have been spent in hearing was so much gained for more agreeable social intercourse. Take it altogether the soiree of the Fitzgerald Guard was as successful as the most sanguine could desire.

CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT BRIDGEPORT.—It is a spectacle which augurs much good to Catholicity in New England to find that the festival of the patron of the diocese is honored here with due solemnity. At eight o'clock in the morning high mass was celebrated, at which many approached the altar, thus endeavoring to commemorate St. Patrick in the holiest manner. In the evening the church was crowded to hear a sermon from the Rev. Dr. Neligans, of St. Joseph's Seminary, Fordham, on the life of the Saint. The Rev. preacher, for more than hour, engaged the attention of the congregation whilst he delivered, in an eloquent manner, the life and preachings of St. Patrick, and the results which his teachings produced in Ireland. In conclusion, he told them that if they desired to honor the Saint, the most effective way of doing so was by being steadfast to their faith and religion in this the country of their adoption.

SOIREE OF THE YOUNG FRIENDS OF IRELAND.—This was decidedly one of the most successful affairs of the kind ever got up by this praiseworthy society, and will, we have no doubt, also prove a complete pecuniary success in regard to the noble object to which the receipts are to be devoted. The officers of the association have been most energetic in their efforts to make it every way worthy of the occasion, and it must be peculiarly gratifying to know that while they afforded entertainment to their numerous company they have also been the means of aiding one of the most deserving of all our Catholic charities.

SERENADE TO THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.—On the eve, or rather on the morning of the anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint, the Most Rev. Archbishop was serenaded by the Cecilian Brass Band, which is one of the finest in the city, and which numbers twenty-four instruments. The band was organized by the Rev. Mr. Mooney, Pastor of St. Bridget's Church, and although but a comparatively short time in existence, it has already reached a state of perfection exceeding many others that are better known, but certainly not more deserving. Till the occasion referred to they had not, we believe, performed in public, and the Rev. Pastor, concluding that he could not find a more appropriate time, determined that their first effort should be to compliment the Most Rev. Archbishop in this manner. The weather could not have been more favorable, and the affair was a complete success. The music was particularly appropriate, consisting, as it did, of a happy blending of Irish and American national airs, among which were "Patrick's Day," with which, of course, the serenade commenced, in honor of the occasion; "Hail Columbia," "Garry Owen," "Yankee Doodle," and other selections no less patriotic and inspiring.

To those who were present, and they were not a few, the scene was peculiarly gratifying, and the order and decorum preserved during the performance, which lasted about an hour, reflects no small credit on all present. We may here state that, in compliment to the Most Rev. Archbishop, and to those who in this way desired to testify for him their respect and esteem, the house of Mr. Manning, a near neighbor, was lighted up through all its stories, and if the players did not partake of Mr. M.'s hospitality, it was their fault and not his, for it was most cordially offered. From the residence of the Archbishop the band proceeded to that of the Very Rev. Wm. Starrs, V. G., to whom they paid the same pleasing tribute of their respect.

The members of the band are all parishioners of the Rev. Mr. Mooney, and, although it is but a short time since they have been organized, they are now so popular that they have become a permanent institution in the Parish of St. Bridgets. Of their organization and their rules we shall have perhaps more to say at some future time.

LECTURE OF MR. HARRINGTON AT SAINT BRIDGET'S SCHOOL HALL.—The main hall of the capacious and splendid school-house connected with St. Bridget's Church was crowded to repletion by an attentive and respectable audience on Monday evening last, to listen to the lecture of Mr. John M. Harrington on "St. Patrick and Patriotism." The powerful Cecilian Brass Band, to which we have already alluded at some length elsewhere, was present, and discoursed most eloquent music both before and after the oration.

Of the oration we cannot say more in its praise than that it was heard throughout with the most absorbing attention, and elicited repeated bursts of hearty and enthusiastic applause. At its close the eloquent lecturer was still further assured of the gratification of his audience by three cheers such as few public speakers are ever greeted with. We should state that the Rev. Pastor of the church introduced Mr. Harrington in a few appropriate and well-timed remarks. Among those present were Rev. Mr. Brady of Greenpoint, Rev. Stephen Cassidy of Brooklyn, Rev. Mr. Sleven, Mr. Edward Donnelly, and other gentlemen. The success which attended this intellectual entertainment was particularly gratifying to all present, and will, we trust, lead to a repetition of similar re-unions.

POPULATION OF THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.—The Hobart Town Daily Mercury gives the following returns of population from the last census of the various Australian colonies: Victoria, 477,345; New South Wales, 305,487; South Australia, 109,917; Tasmania, 81,492; New Zealand, 50,000; total, 1,024,241.

The entire yearly manufactures of Paris are estimated at a value of £5,160,000, of which £172,000 are of children's toys.

Obituary.

HON. MIKE WALSH.

On Thursday the intelligence of the sudden death of the Hon. Mike Walsh was announced, and from the manner of it excited much surprise and concern. Mr. Walsh left his home in Twenty-first street in the afternoon of Wednesday, and spent the evening in the company of several intimate friends. He parted from them about two o'clock on Thursday morning, and nothing more was seen of him until five in the morning of the same day, when his dead body was discovered in the basement of an unoccupied store in Eighth avenue. There was a wound on the head, and this, taken in connection with the fact that his watch and diamond ring had been stolen, gave rise to the idea that his death was the result of violence.

The deceased occupied public positions of importance, and was a prominent member of the Democratic party. He was a ready and fluent speaker, quick at reply and strong in attack, a zealous defender and an influential member of his party. Mr. Walsh was a native of Youghel, County Waterford, and came to this country when about four or five years old. He was a lithographer by trade, but did not work at it for any length of time, for when quite a young man he started a weekly paper called The Knickerbocker, which, however, did not live more than four or five weeks. Undeterred by this want of success, Mr. Walsh commenced The Subterranean in 1843, which in the following year was merged in The Workingman's Advocate, an organ of the Reform Association. While editing The Subterranean he was indicted for four cases of libel, convicted, fined $175 and imprisoned on Blackwell's Island for sixty days.

In 1846 he was elected a member of Assembly, and the following year he was again successful. In 1852 he was elected to Congress from the Fourth Congressional District, and in 1854 went on a mission to Russia, which was partly commercial and partly diplomatic, the commercial part having reference to shipbuilding operations in this city, and the diplomatic to a secret mission, with which he is said to have been entrusted by the government of President Pierce. In the April of last year he visited Mexico to offer President Comonfort assistance from some Southern filibusters—an offer which Comonfort thought prudent to decline. Mr. Walsh has left a widow and two children, the youngest of whom is about fifteen. The following is the verdict of the Coroner's Jury:

"That the said Mike Walsh came to his death by apoplexy, produced from being precipitated down the stone steps of the area of the house No. 136 Eighth avenue, on the morning of the 17th of March; and we are further of the opinion that, from the absence of his watch and chain, and other circumstances, that violence was resorted to by some person or persons unknown."

THE POOR OF LONDON.—The returns of the metropolitan workhouses on Christmas Day show that about 60,000 persons were on that day recipients of parochial relief throughout the metropolis, exclusive in most instances of lunatics, tramps and vagrants; and that, as compared with the corresponding period of last year, there has been a diminution of legitimate pauperism to the extent of about 6,000 persons.

CURIOUS CALCULATIONS.—Scientic writers assert that the number of persons who have existed since the beginning of time, amounts to 36,626,843,275,075,845. These figures, when divided by 3,095,000 (the number of square leagues of land on the globe) leave 11,320,689,732 square miles of land on the globe, which being divided as before give 134,622,976 persons to each square mile. Let us now reduce miles to square rods, and the number will be 1,853,174,600,000, which being divided as before will give 1,283 inhabitants to each square rod; which being reduced to feet will give about five persons to each square foot of *terra firma*. Thus it will be perceived that our earth is one vast cemetery —1,283 human beings lie buried on each square rod, scarcely sufficient for ten graves. Each grave must contain 128 persons. Thus it is easily seen that the whole surface of the globe has been dug over 128 times to bury the dead.

The number of distinct species of insects already known and described, cannot be estimated at less than two hundred thousand—there being nearly twenty thousand beetles alone now known, and every day is adding to the catalogue, most of which may be seen in the collection of the British Museum.

METROPOLITAN RECORD.

JOHN MULLALY.....Editor and Proprietor.

It will be the object of this Journal to supply the Catholic portion of the community with all the important and interesting news of the Catholic world, and particularly with information in regard to events and occurrences connected with the Church in the United States.

It is designed to make THE RECORD a good and desirable family journal, and it will, therefore, contain a great variety of useful, interesting, and instructive reading matter. Its readers will also be duly informed of the progress of events in the secular as well as the religious world.

The progress of Catholic Educational Institutions will meet with that attention to which they are entitled by their importance. Church Dedications occurring in and about the city of New York, will be fully and accurately reported.

Due care and attention will be given to the Literary Department, and new publications reviewed or noticed, as their character and pretensions may deserve.

Each number will contain one or two stories; and it will be the design of the Editor to make its Miscellaneous reading both entertaining and instructive.

The editorial columns will be devoted to a discussion of the prominent topics of the day, and all other subjects that properly come within the scope of such a journal. No part will be taken in political controversy, nor in the disputes between partizan politicians.

The business department will be carried on with that strict attention to all its details, without which no paper can expect to succeed, no matter how liberally supported, or how ably conducted; and all the business transactions of the establishment will be conducted on a cash basis.

In conclusion, the Editor refers with pride and pleasure to the following letter of approval from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York:

NEW YORK, Nov. 8, 1858.

"DEAR SIR: I have read carefully your plan of a Catholic paper, and approve of the same in all its parts. Its scope is new and comprehensive, and will fill up a chasm without necessarily interfering with other papers already established. You have my sanction to proceed with as little delay as possible, and you shall have my approbation and support.

"Yours, faithfully, in Christ,
† JOHN, Archbishop of New York."

This journal will be published weekly at No. 371 Broadway, and delivered to city and mail subscribers on the following terms:

Price per year served by carrier..... $3 00
Price per year served by mail..... 2 50
Price per copy, for six copies or more.... 2 00

To Canadian subscribers THE RECORD will be served for $3 per year, as there is an advance of fifty cents in the postage; while to subscribers in Ireland it will be $3 50, for the same reason.

The advertising rates are as follows:

To transient advertisers....12½ cents per line.
To yearly advertisers..... 5 cents per line.

No paper will be sent till the receipt of the subscription.

All orders sent to the Publication Office, No. 371 Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

ED. DUNIGAN & BRO.,
(JAMES B. KIRKER,) Publisher.

NEW YORK, MARCH 26, 1859.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN A BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOL.

The Boston Courier of the 15th inst. gives what must appear a candid statement of the difficulty in the Elliot School in reference to the conscientious objections of Catholic children to comply with what is called a regulation of the school, but what is more properly to be considered as a violation of human right and of Christian conscience. It appears that the children are required to repeat the Ten Commandments according to their distribution in the Protestant Bible of King James, and not merely to repeat, but even to chant the Lord's Prayer. Every Catholic knows that the Church repudiates the version which is now called the common version—that is the version of King James. The precepts of the Decalogue in that version are classified adversely to the order in the Catholic version—an arrangement which was originally intended to create the idea in the minds of Protestants that the Catholic distribution of the Decalogue had been made with a view to encourage idolatry; and thus the very numbers of the Ten Commandments are changed in such a way that Catholic children must feel themselves embarrassed and at a loss to comprehend the difference between the two versions.

It is stated further that the Lord's Prayer, according to the custom of the school, is to be chanted by the children, although it may be only *canted* by their teachers. Recent testimony gives proof that neither the Ten Commandments nor the Lord's Prayer has much influence on the morality of the adult and educated population of Boston. They may *cant* for themselves about these sacred ordinances, and compound for their own moral deficiencies by requiring the children of the public schools to *chant*.

The whole affair, as far as we can understand, from the impartial statement in The Courier, is a system of religious persecution and oppression, coming from the Boston of olden times with the smallest possible grace. The parents of these Catholic children are taxpayers for the expenses of the Public Schools. Boston has no established religion. Boston threw the tea overboard on the same principle which it is now violating—that is, taxation without representation; and the impudent attempt even without the pretext of a national religion, to subjugate the consciences of the taxpayers to the public school in the absence of all representation, must receive the condemnation of every fair and honorable man, no matter to what religious denomination he may belong.

We do not advocate rebellion or resistance in a school, or in a State, so long as endurance can be maintained with a reasonable sense of self respect and conscientious conviction. We cannot, however, forego the expression of our admiration for those children in the Eliot School who refused to become utensils for *chanting* or *canting* holy things at the dictation of a tyrannical and irresponsible direction of the school. On the contrary, we commend those boys and girls who refused to degrade themselves by sacrificing their own religious convictions to the ukase of any despotic school government. They are Catholics; they are instructed in their religion of right by their parents and their clergy, and for this instruction the *State* of Boston pays nothing; they contribute to the common fund which sustains the public schools, and unless such contribution be a patent for the State officials to force upon them a religion or a form of religion which neither the Constitution nor the laws of the country permit, then they have so far imitated the example of Boston when it was a less canting, but a more moral city.

The truth is that this question of education must come to be settled at some period—that accidental majorities are not authorized to invade the religious or civil rights and perogatives secured to the citizen in his own right, or to his offspring in their minority. It would indeed be as reasonable and as constitutional to require that the Hail Mary should be chanted in a public school as the Lord's Prayer. Catholics can never submit, except under the violation of majority decisions, to any invasion of their civil or religious rights.

We abstain for the present from entering into the merits of the controversy; we take it that the statement of the Boston Courier, which we re-publish, is in the main fair and candid, and our remarks are based upon this hypothesis. Our only regret is that the Catholics everywhere have not been more alive to the insidious and impudent usurpations of school officials and others in their encroachments upon the common rights of American citizens. It is true that they cannot in all places or at all times be expected to have schools of their own; the creation of these is a work of time, but it should never be lost sight of. If we had schools even of an inferior kind our children might be trained up there in the truths and practices of that religion which has survived all the changes and persecutions of this world. Then it would only be necessary for us to withdraw those children from the tyrannical influence of mercenary teachers and prejudiced corporations. But in a country such as ours, in which there is no established Church, it is not only tyrannical, but absurd and ridiculous to expect that the children of Catholics may be required to chant or cant the notions of a Boston school committee, whether as regards the Ten Commandments or the Lord's Prayer, for neither of which certain of the Boston people seem to have much respect.

In the meantime we must say that we rather admire the noble little fellows who, as we trust, without violating propriety, have maintained the rights of conscience and their personal independence. We hope, however, that the School Committee of the Eliot establishment will mitigate their stern and indecent proceedings, and allow the boys to come and be taught at their own expense, or that of their parents, in the mere things which the State of Massachusetts is competent to teach, and that the State of Massachusetts will be pleased to leave piety and theology aside in their regard.

WHAT THE UNITED STATES HAVE DONE FOR COMMERCE.

Some years ago it was the habit of a portion of the English press to sneer at the progress of the United States in the arts and sciences, and particularly at her material progress as developed mainly in the rapid extension of her commerce. Any claim that was set up for her on the part of our own writers or press was treated with ridicule and contempt, and the boasted sovereignty of the seas, it was asserted, must always be held by British sailors. Latterly, however, a wonderful change has taken place in the views and opinions of British journalists generally, and of The Times in particular. They have found not only that the United States is a great commercial power, but that they are destined to become the first maritime nation in the world. They have also made the discovery that we have really done something for the extension and the benefit of the commerce of other countries as well as our own, and penetrating beyond the Chinese exclusiveness which hemmed them in, they have learned something of our present, as they were forced to know, a very important part of our past history. And we must give them the credit to say that they are sometimes, when a fit of generosity seizes them —which, by the way, is of rare occurrence —willing to admit our merits in some respects. Thus, after a terrible waste of satire and sarcasm at the poor display which it was at first said we made at the World's Exhibition, they finally acknowledged that in many important particulars we were in advance even of themselves. McCormick's Reaping Machines, and a few other inventions of a hardly less valuable character, satisfied them that during the three quarters of a century in which we were left to our own resources, we had done something at least for the material progress and benefit of the race.

It is but a comparatively short time since our great and justly lamented Arctic Explorer was received by the scientific lights of England with the highest marks of respect and honor, and our own press was hardly more enthusiastic in his praise than the English. Then everybody knows how the triumph of the yacht America was received, and how they were the first to herald her merits to our own glad and willing ears. But there are some other important things which we have accomplished, and of which the English press in their remarks about the commercial history of this country exhibit a real or pretended ignorance. It is our intention to refer here to a few of the most important of these, for the purpose of showing what we have done, not alone for ourselves, but for the commerce of other nations as well.

It is now little more than forty years since the Algerine pirates were taught by Commodore Decatur to respect the flag of the United States, and that all vessels which sailed under it were to be free from molestation, at whatever ports they might choose to trade. In later times the Exploring Expedition of Wilkes to the South Seas, the Surveying Expedition of Ringgold to the North Pacific; the Expedition of Perry to Japan; the surveys of our own coast on the two oceans; the establishment of light houses along our extensive seaboard free of expense to the commerce of other nations; the Abolition of the Sound Dues, and some years earlier, the salutary chastisement inflicted on the Greek Pirates—all of these have been productive of the most important results to the commerce of the world. In this brief enumeration we have not even mentioned what has been done by our distinguished countryman Lieut. Maury, who deservedly occupies a place in the first rank of the great scientific men of the Nineteenth Century. Nor should we forget what our naval commanders and officers have accomplished, each in his own sphere of duty, whose names seldom if ever reach the ears of their countrymen, and who are too little known even among those who reap the benefit of their labors.

Looking at the progress our country has made in commerce and in the science by which it has reached its present wonderful development, are we not justified in the remark that we have in the brief period of our national existence done more for the commercial interests of the world than any other nation. At present our tonnage exceeds that of Great Britain, and if we may judge from the rapid strides we are making, the end of the present century will behold us with a commerce greater than that of all other nations combined.

CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—We present our readers with the fullest and most accurate report which will be published of the celebration of St. Patrick's Day. Regarding this occasion not merely in the light of a national festival, but as something higher—as the commemoration of the conversion of a whole country to Christianity—we have not, as may be seen, been sparing of our space in our endeavors to do full justice to the spirit of the occasion.

It is not our purpose to add anything to what has been already said and written about this great Apostle of Christianity. We desire merely to refer to the reports of the address of the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor, and the sermon of the Rev. H. De Luynes, S.J., both of which, we have no doubt, will be read with much interest and gratification, not only by Irish but by native born Catholics. One of the most agreeable features of the celebration was the procession of the Military and the Civic Societies, which was decidedly the best organized and the largest that has been seen in our city on any previous occasion of the kind. Take it altogether there never was a celebration of St. Patrick's Day in New York which passed off so agreeably to those who participated in the festivities of the occasion.

THE GAMBLING DENS OF NEW YORK STILL OPEN.—Repeated attempts have been made by our city authorities to shut up the lottery offices and other places of a similar character, but from present appearances the gamblers seem to have it all their own way again. Lottery dealers are doing a brisk business, and are filling their pockets at the expense of that very considerable portion of the community who want both the morality and the wisdom to break off all connection with them. There is a very explicit law somewhere on our statute books which makes this practice an offense punishable with a heavy penalty, but through the supineness and indifference of those by whom it should be enforced, it is little better than a dead letter, and for all the good it accomplishes it might be expunged altogether. There are, in fact, a number of our laws which, from the same cause have become almost obsolete, and from the retrogression which has taken place within the last ten years there seems to be just reason for the belief that the law will in another decade have lost what little force and virtue it has yet left. It is certainly the harvest-time of policy dealers and mock auctioneers, and as things go we shouldn't wonder soon to see them regularly licensed and established in our midst. No less extraordinary things have been

done, if not with official sanction at least with the consent which official silence gives.

DIED, AT FORT WASHINGTON, on Sunday, March 20, COSMO GORDON BENNETT, aged six years, son of James Gordon Bennett, Editor of The New York Herald. The deceased was a most promising and attractive child, and even at this early age gave marked evidence of high intellectual faculties. We sincerely sympathise with Mr. Bennett and his lady in their sad bereavement.

IF MR. JOHN POWER will call at the office of The Record he will receive a letter from Ireland which has been directed to the Editor of this paper.

REGULATIONS FOR LENT.

DIOCESE OF NEW YORK.

The following are the regulations for Lent for the present year :

1. All the "week days" of Lent, from Ash-Wednesday till Easter Sunday, are fast days of precept, on one meal, with the allowance of a moderate collation.

2. The precept of fasting implies also that of abstinence from the use of flesh meat. But, by *dispensation*, the use of flesh meat is allowed in this diocese, at the principal meal on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays of Lent from the first Sunday until Palm Sunday.

3. The use of flesh meat is not allowed on Thursday next after Ash-Wednesday.

4. The abstinence from flesh meat on Palm Sunday, which has hitherto been observed in this diocese, is dispensed with; also, on the following Tuesday, although in Holy Week, the faithful are allowed, by *dispensation*, to use flesh meat at the principal meal.

5. There is neither fast nor abstinence to be observed on Sundays of Lent.

6. It is not allowed to use fish with flesh meat at the same meal.

7. There is no prohibition to use eggs, butter or cheese, provided the rules of quantity prescribed by the fast be complied with.

8. The Church excuses from the obligation of fasting, (but not of abstinence from flesh meat, except in special cases of sickness or the like,) the following classes of persons: 1st, the infirm; 2d, those whose duties are of an exhausting or laborious character; 3d, persons who are only attaining their growth; 4th, women in pregnancy, or nursing infants; 5th, those who are enfeebled by old age.

But these persons should be persuaded on just grounds that they are entitled to exemption from the precept—so that their not observing it may give no offence to their own consciences, nor scandal to their neighbor. For this purpose, if they have any doubt, they will do well to consult their spiritual director, or their physician. They should, however, cherish the *interior spirit* of this holy season, the same as if they were able to comply with the exterior observance of fasting and mortification, a spirit of sorrow and compunction for sin, a spirit of prayer and recollection. This is the duty of *all*, and without this the fast itself would be rejected by God.

The public religious exercises during Lent, in the churches of the city, to commence each evening at seven o'clock, will be:—

On Monday, in the Church of the Nativity and Assumption (German,) and St. Michael's.

On Tuesday, in St. James', St. Joseph's, St. Vincent de Paul's (French,) and Holy Cross.

On Wednesday, at St. Peter's, Most Holy Redeemer's (German,) St. Francis Assisium, St. Francis Xavier's, St. Anne's, and Annunciation, Manhattanville.

On Thursday, in the Cathedral, St. Andrew's, St. Stephen's, St. Columba's, St. Bridget's, St. Alphonsus, and St. Laurence, Yorkville.

On Friday, in St. Mary's, Transfiguration, St. Nicholas, Most Holy Redeemer, Immaculate Conception, B. V. M., and St. Boniface (German.)

By order of the Most Rev. Archbishop.
F. MCNEIRNY, Secretary.
NEW YORK, Feb. 24, 1859.

DIOCESE OF NEWARK.

Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent, will fall, in this year, on the 9th day of March.

1. Every day during Lent, except Sunday, is a day of fast on one meal, which should not be taken before mid-day, with the allowance of a moderate collation in the evening.

2. The precept of fasting implies also that of abstinence from the use of flesh meat, but by *dispensation*, the use of flesh meat is allowed in this Diocese at every meal on Sunday, and at the principal meal on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays of Lent, except the Thursday after Ash Wednesday, and Holy Thursday.

3. There is no prohibition to use eggs, butter or cheese, provided the rules of quantity prescribed by the fast be complied with. Fish is not to be used at the same meals at which flesh meat is allowed. Butter, or if necessary lard may be used in dressing fish or vegetables.

4. All persons over seven years of age are bound to abstain from the use of flesh meat, and all over twenty-one to fast according to the above regulation, unless there be a legitimate cause of exemption. The Church excuses from the obligation of fasting, but not from that of abstinence from flesh meat, except in special cases of sickness or the like, the following classes of persons: 1st, the infirm; 2d, those whose duties are of an exhausting or laborious character; 3d, women in pregnancy, or nursing infants; 4th, those who are enfeebled by old age. In case of doubt in regard to any of the above exemptions, recourse must be had to one's spiritual director, or physician.

All alike, however, should enter into the spirit of this holy season, which is, in a special manner, a time of prayer and sorrow for sin, of almsgiving and mortification.

By order of the Right Reverend Bishop.
GEO. H. DOANE, Sec'y.
BISHOP'S HOUSE, Feb. 21, A.D. 1859.

DIOCESE OF HARTFORD.

The regulations of Lent for the Diocese of Hartford continue the same as formerly, viz :

All the week days of Lent are fasting days of obligation on one meal only; custom, however, has authorized the use of a slight collation in the evening, and of a cup of tea or coffee in the morning. Though the fast also implies abstinence, yet, by dispensation, the use of flesh meat is allowed at all times on Sundays, and at the principal meal on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays of Lent.

Lard in cooking, eggs, butter and cheese are permitted, provided that the laws of quantity are observed; flesh and fish, however, are not allowed at the same meal.

Women pregnant or nursing, the sick, the aged and feeble, children under twenty-one years old, and those whose employment is of a laborious and exhausting character, are excused from the obligation of fasting, but not from that of abstinence.

The usual evening exercises of Lent, consisting of the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, Sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament are recommended.

†F. P. MCFARLAND,
Bishop of Hartford.

DIOCESE OF BURLINGTON.

The following are the Regulations for Lent for the present year in the Diocese of Burlington :—

First—All the week days in Lent, from Ash Wednesday till Easter Sunday are fast days of precept on one meal. Custom, however, allows a light collation in the evening and a cup of tea in the morning.

The precept of fasting implies, also, that of abstinence from flesh meat; but, by dispensation, the use of flesh meat is allowed in this Diocese at every meal on all the Sundays, and at the principal meal on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays of Lent, the Thursdays of the first and last weeks being excepted.

There is no prohibition to use eggs, butter or cheese, provided the rules of quantity prescribed by the fast be complied with.

The Church excuses from the obligation of fasting (but not of abstinence from flesh meat, except in special cases of sickness or the like) the following classes of persons—1st, the infirm; 2d, those whose duties are of an exhausting and laborious character; 3d, those under 21 years of age; 4th, women in pregnancy or nursing children.

†L. D. GOESBRIAND,
Bishop of Burlington, Vt.

DIOCESE OF ALBANY.

The following are the regulations for the observance of Lent in this Diocese :

All persons who have attained the age of twenty-one years, are bound to fast, on one meal in the day, during the entire Lent, Sundays excepted.

A light collation is allowed in the evening, and a cup of tea or coffee in the morning.

Exemption from the obligation of fasting is extended to the sick, or convalescent, to the delicate and infirm whose health would be seriously endangered by the observance; to laborers, mechanics and others whose duties are of a very laborious or exhausting nature; to those who are bearing or nursing children, and to those whose poverty will not ensure them the certainty of having one full meal in the day.

Dispensation is granted to use flesh meat at any time on all the Sundays in Lent, and one meal only on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday in every week, except Thursday in the first and last week. It is not allowed to use flesh meat and fish at the same meal.

Lard may be used in cooking. Eggs, butter and cheese are not prohibited.

By order of the Bishop.
J. ROONEY, Secretary.

DIOCESE OF BOSTON.

1. All the days in Lent (Sundays excepted) are fast days of obligation.

2. The use of flesh meat is allowed by dispensation, on all Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, once in the day only; on Sundays it is allowed without restriction as to the number of times.

3. Lard may be used in preparing food on all the days in Lent. (This dispensation extends also to the days of abstinence throughout the year.)

4. Eggs, fish, butter, cheese and milk, may be used at the evening collation.

5. The use of flesh meat and fish, at the same meal, is prohibited.

† J. B. FITZPATRICK, Bishop.

DIOCESE OF BUFFALO.

1. All are bound to observe the Lenten Fast, except those who are unable by reason of ill-health, sickness, old age, women bearing or nursing children, persons obliged to labor hard for a living, also young persons under the age of 21 years. But it must be borne in mind that all who are thus dispensed from fasting, are bound to abstinence from flesh meat on those days in which it is forbidden to the rest of the faithful. Those obtaining a dispensation either from the fast or the abstinence, are advised to make up for the indulgence by special prayers, and works of mercy.

2. Though all the days in Lent except Sundays, are fasting days on one meal, a collation, which should not be more than the fourth of a full meal, is allowed in the evening, and a cup of tea or coffee in the morning. Meat is allowed on Sunday at every meal and at one meal on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, excepting Saturday of Ember week, and Holy Saturday, and also Holy Thursday, such as are dispensed from fasting on one meal, may, if necessary, eat meat oftener than once on the above permitted days. Fish and flesh are not allowed at the same meal.

By order of the Right Reverend Bishop
M. KAVANAGH, Sec'y.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

THE BOSTON SCHOOL DIFFICULTY—CATHOLIC SCHOLARS EXPELLED FOR REFUSING TO SAY THE PROTESTANT FORM OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.—Yesterday, says The Boston Courier of the 15th inst., a difficulty occurred in the Eliot school for boys, on account of the refusal of a portion of the scholars, whose parents are Catholic, to recite the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer as they are written in the Protestant version of the Bible. The circumstances are these, as we understood them from Mr. M. F. Cook, sub-master in the school :

A custom prevails in the various schools in the city, under the sanction of the School Committee, of reading from the Bible daily, and of repeating the Ten Commandments and chanting the Lord's Prayer more or less frequently, in some cases not more often than once a week, as is the case in the Eliot school. In accordance with this usage, on Monday of last week Miss Shepard, a teacher in the school, was conducting this exercise, when she observed several of the scholars vary the usual form to agree with the Douay or authorized Catholic version of the Scriptures. Although the difference is very slight, it was sufficient to render the exercises dissonant and confused. On inquiring into the cause of the change, she was told by the scholars that their parents were unwilling they should say the common version, and told them to repeat the Catholic. As the matter was confined to two or three, it was compromised and passed lightly over. Yesterday, in attempting to go over the same exercise, Miss Shepard found instead of two or three, the majority of her class utterly refused to comply with the general usage in this respect, although they were willing to repeat and chant the Catholic versions. The reason assigned was that thus they had been instructed to do by Father Wiget, of St. Mary's Church, of whose parish their parents were members. She spoke to Mr. Cook, the sub-master, whose room is adjoining, concerning the difficulty. He immediately told the fact to Mr. Mason, the master, by whom he was referred to a member of the School Committee, then present on some business connected with the building. The member of the Committee went to Miss Shepard's room and inquired into the matter more deeply. He found the boys unyieldingly persistent in their position. Two he called to his side, one of whom, Thomas Ward, a lad of thirteen, took the lead in the difficulty the week previous. After some time, Mr. Cook, on going into the room, found matters entirely unchanged, upon which he remarked that "they had better be turned over to his ratan." The committee gave young Ward into the hands of the sub-master, with direction to enforce obedience. Mr. Cook says he found it necessary to punish the boy severely, which he did with a common ratan, striking him upon his hand, but that he used no more severity than was absolutely necessary to enforce obedience, knowing that the boy was disobeying his religious instructions by complying with his demands; nevertheless, his hands were so much swollen and inflamed at the end of the punishment, that Mr. Cook bathed them in cold water, and used other means to soothe the irritation.

During the chastisement, which was frequently remitted, the boy expressed a willingness to comply but for the explicit instructions of his father and the priest. He was told by Mr. Mason, who came into the room at this time, that his father had told him he desired that the boy should repeat the common version. (It appears that there was a misunderstanding in regard to this between Mr. Ward and Mr. Mason.) He at length yielded, however.

It was thought that this example would deter others from further disobedience; but they still remained firm. Of course chastisement was then out of the question, and further punishment was abandoned. The committee had meanwhile found, by going from room to room, that out of 930 scholars in the entire school, upward of 300 had been instructed in like manner.

In the afternoon, Mr. Dyer, Chairman of the District Committee, came into the school and sent away about 100, who still refused compliance with this rule. Thirty-six were sent away from Miss Shepard's room, and about 30 each from two other rooms.

PASTORAL LETTER OF THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP OF CINCINNATI.—From the pastoral of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati, which was given at that city on Ash Wednesday, we make the following extracts :

"And Protestants, do what they may to arrest the torrent of evil, it will never wholly cease to flow; for, while there are men, there will be vices. But we seek to control this torrent, to confine it to narrower limits, to lessen the volume of its waters and preserve those portions of society which it has not yet invaded, from the inundation. If the State, if our fellow-citizens, will let us have our own money to make our own experiments, in our own way, we hope to succeed. If justice be denied us, Catholics must only do what they can to redress their part of the evils of society.

Now what is the duty of Catholics with regard to the right education of youth?

In the first place, they must teach them the catechism, or send them where they will learn it—to the Catholic School and to the Church; to their own school and their own Church, and not another. Secondly, they must provide for them teachers who will know how to teach—who will give them good example; who will not suffer their pupils, boys and girls, to be exposed to the dangers of promiscuous, unrestricted intercourse in the same school-room and play-grounds and evening parties, where the passions are prematurely developed, and Religion and reason hold no control. They must interdict the demoralising reading of romances and novels, not to speak of other works of a still more fatal description. And instead of those, they must furnish them with only such books and instructions as will explain to them the end for which they were created, and the duties which they must fulfil as good men and good women, good citizens, and above all, or to say all in one word, good Christians.

The boarding and day schools taught by religious communities of women leave us little to desire in the education of young girls, of the various orders of society. In vain will you look for the ladies whom they have educated among the women's rights' party, the free lovers, the spirit rappers, or the Mormons. But you will find them in their proper sphere, in the discharge of their domestic duties, and the practice of the religious and moral virtues.

For boys, whose parents can pay the required stipend, we have our colleges. But for those who are not so well favored with the goods of fortune, we are not so well provided. We want Normal or Training schools, where the instructors of youth may be prepared for their holy and high vocation. We want a body of men who will devote themselves to this task for life, from the most perfect, the most sustaining of all motives—the pure love of God and humanity. Or if those cannot be found in sufficient number, we want the endowments of Catholic Free Schools made on such a scale as to admit of our giving suffi-

ciently ample salaries to teachers to induce them to persevere in their profession, and not merely regard it as a stepping stone to something better. To secure the first class of teachers, the Fathers of the late Provincial Council addressed a letter to the Sovereign Pontiff, beseeching him to use his high influence with the Superior of the Brothers of the Christian Schools in France, to induce him to found a training school for teachers in this Province. The Holy Father has already deigned to comply with our request, but the answer of the Superior of the Christian School Brothers has not yet been received.

The cause of education must ever enlist the sympathies and excite the liveliest solicitude of every order of the clergy as well as of the parents and friends of youth. It was the proud boast of the citizen of this State who labored more than any other to obtain legislation to establish and endow the Common Schools, that when they were once in successful operation, the criminal statutes would be a dead letter! There would be no more offences against morality, law, or order. Never was any man more implicitly believed. Never were heavier pecuniary sacrifices imposed by the Legislature or submitted to by the people, than in the vain attempt to realize this Utopia. The system has had a fair trial for considerably more than a quarter of a century, in this, and in other States of the Union. But what is the result? Are crimes diminished? Are they committed, especially in their most aggravated form, only, or mainly, by the uneducated? The answer to this question is returned to us from the Senate Chamber, the hotel dining-room, the streets, of Washington, the offices of State and county treasuries, the counters and desks of banks, the jail and the jury room of Hawesville, Ky. Education without religion is not at all, or only a questionable, boon. The hand and the heart must be educated as well as the mind. Domestic education and the good example of parents must be added to the instruction of the school-room. The injustice of taxing Catholics to support schools from which they derive no benefit must cease, and the use of their own money be allowed them to educate their own children. Or if this cannot be, the Common Schools should be placed on such a basis as that Catholics may profit by them without the sacrifice of faith. Their religion, the work of God, the religion that conquered Paganism, and Islam, and barbarism, must not be reviled as an apostacy, while sects that sanction divorce, and deny the future punishment of the wicked, and lessen Gospel truths the most essential, and books that teach open and shameless immorality, receive the suffrages of the majority and are commended to the confidence and admiration of the pupils.

To the Editor of The Metropolitan Record:

Destructive Land Slide at Troy—St. Peter's College Partially Buried.—A land slide took place in Troy on the 17th instant, involving the almost entire destruction of the building in the course of erection at the head of Washington street, near the base of Mount Ida, known as St. Peter's College. The earth slid down with very little noise until it reached the rear wall of the college. Here it was stopped for a moment, till, gathering new strength, it burst the barrier, and with a sound resembling distant thunder, it filled the building in a moment, demolishing beams, link-walls and partition, and covered the entire centre part of the edifice. The front wall was also crushed out, but it sufficed to stay the progress of the avalanche.

The college was located on a large plateau, to which the approach was by a broad flight of steps. It was the highest building in that vicinity, and about thirty feet from the slope of the hill. Below it, at the base of the steps, are a number of houses upon Washington street. The building was intended to be a very large one: 200 feet in length and five stories high, with two towers. Only two stories had been completed, at a cost of $10,000 or $15,000.

The Troy Whig says:—The hill is now in a very dangerous state, and another avalanche may be apprehended at any moment. The mountain is undermined, and an immense mass of earth has little or no support. The occupants of many houses in the vicinity have moved all their household goods to a place of safety.

St. Peter's College was dedicated in September last, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators—Bishop McClosky of this city preaching the sermon on the occasion. It was being completed in the highest style of architecture. When finished the edifice would have been one of the handsomest and most complete in this section of the country. The Troy Times says:

Two previous avalanches have occurred in this same locality—one in 1837, and another in 1845. On the last occasion a strip of the hill side running from Liberty to Adams street, and about nine hundred feet deep, gave way with a terrific crash. Houses were demolished and covered, men overtaken and smothered while flying for life, and devastation and misery visited upon the entire city. Men were engaged for a week in unearthing the remains of the dead and rescuing the living from their horrid entombment. Women were found dead in their houses, with their babes by their sides, and old and young alike suffered a common fate. Two cases we well remember. They were those of a woman who was standing over a stove. When her body was found it was evident that she had died from suffocation, and after death her body had been horribly burned and mangled by the stove and the coals it contained. A man was engaged in sawing wood in a yard near the present college site. When struck the saw was twisted under him in such a manner that he fell upon it, and his body was found nearly cut in two by the instrument. No fears of another slide have been entertained for years, and the entire locality adjacent to the scene of the old avalanches is now densely populated. Naturally enough, the occurrence of last night has created great trepidation among the residents in the vicinity.

Sir: Many among the readers of your Catholic journal are not aware that the Right Rev. Bishop Loughlin has established in his diocese, some two years back, the Order of Sisters of St. Joseph. They started here three in number, and in the short time of their existence now number fourteen. They have their Mother house on Grand street, Brooklyn, E. D., where they keep a boarding-school, in which a knowledge of all the branches usually taught in our best Catholic academies is imparted to the pupils, who are intrusted to their wise and judicious care.

The Academy itself is delightfully situated, being about one mile from the ferry. A spacious play-ground and well ordered garden surround [the building. Those who desire health and a good finished education for their young daughters, should call on the Mother Superioress, and we doubt not they will find many inducements to urge them to make St. Mary's Academy their choice.

In the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, where there are six of the good Sisters engaged in the cause of education, the ceremony of the reception of two novices took place on last Saturday, the feast of St. Joseph. A large attendance was present in the church, though there had been no previous public announcement.

The Right Rev. Bishop received the spiritual daughters of St. Joseph; and delivered an impressive discourse, which more than satisfied the expectations of all. He dwelt on the excellency of the religious life, and showed the elevated and angelic character of those who take Jesus Christ for their spouse and master. There were friends as well as indifferent spectators who wept with joy at the sublime sacrifice freely made by these young ladies.

It is needless to say more. All are well acquainted with the order of reception of Religious. Suffice it to state the names of those who have made so happy a choice: Miss M. E. Mullen, a native of New York; in religion, Sister Mary Teresa; and Miss Anne Power, in religion, Sister Justina.

FOREIGN.

The Catholic Oaths Bill in the British Parliament.—The Dublin Freeman's Journal of the 3d inst. has the following: "We have received the annexed message from our London correspondent, announcing that Lord Derby's administration sustained another defeat last night—beaten, too, on a question closely connected with the representation of the people. Mr. Collier's bill came out for the second reading shortly after the House met, and though, it would appear, it was energetically opposed by the Government, it was supported by Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, and the general mass of the Liberals, the Government being defeated by a majority of nineteen. The subjoined is the dispatch:

"By Special Telegram—(From our Correspondent.)—House of Commons, Wednesday evening, Half-past 6 O'Clock.—Lord Derby has again been beaten. On this occasion the adverse majority was swelled to nineteen. The question was the second reading of Mr. Collier's bill, which goes, you are aware, to repeal the act of last session, which made it lawful for candidates to defray the expenses of conveying electors to the poll, and was at the time protested against, as calculated to encourage corrupt practices. The division might be described as a stand-up fight—both parties worked might and main, that is—'whipped' in the most efficient style. Many members were absolutely *brought* from their clubs to *record* their votes. The two ex-Premiers—Russell and Palmerston—slipped into the same lobby, giving their votes for the second reading. Among the Irish representatives who appeared as supporting the Government, I find the names of Mr. P. O'Brien and Mr. Kirk. The result is looked upon as a great triumph of the Liberals over the Government, and is calculated, it is considered, to seriously embarrass the present position of the Cabinet."

The numbers were:

For the second reading	172
Against it	153
Majority against Ministers	19

The Bishop of Meath and Political Reform, &c.—In his pastoral, dated Mullingar, March 2, the Bishop of Meath speaks as follows:

The perfect tranquillity which prevails through the entire diocese, as evidenced by the calendar at the assizes which have just terminated, affords us the highest consolation. In order to prevent those agrarian crimes and disorders which the cruel oppression arising out of the existing relation between landlord and tenant is so calculated to produce, we exhort you, in the peaceful exercise of your constitutional rights, by parochial petitions to impress on the Legislature, through your representatives, the necessity of a prompt and equitable settlement of that all-important and vital measure. As to reform in our Parliamentary representation, if accompanied by the ballot for the protection of the voter, in the present state of Ireland it will prove a calamity instead of a blessing. We also deem it a favorable occasion to exhort the clergy and managers of national schools to increased vigilance as regards teachers and inspectors. Recent events revealed dangers which hitherto we did not believe there was any reason to apprehend. These events demonstrate that the Commissioners, although the Board comprises a few Catholic members distinguished for piety or zeal, owing to an overwhelming majority of Protestants, can decide fatally to Catholic interests every question submitted to them. The injurious and shameless exercise of this anti-Catholic prerogative, as practiced by the Board, has been lately exhibited in the case of a Catholic inspector of this diocese, whose public conduct was calculated to offend the youthful piety of Catholic pupils, to insult the religious feelings of Catholic parents, and to outrage grossly the religious discipline of the Catholic Church. Although this case was formally brought under the notice of the Commissioners, yet the Board refused to interfere. How Catholics can continue members of such a corporation I cannot comprehend. Their retirement from a Board which ignores the authority of the Church and protects its official in open contempt to her discipline, would, I feel persuaded, lead to the extinction or reform of this national nuisance. When we add to the above the whimsical and arbitrary reduction or entire withdrawal of salary from teachers, male and female, approved by former inspectors, local clergy, and managers, of which we lately received complaints, we feel that the system ought not to be any longer tolerated by the Catholics of Ireland. If in this diocese, numbering more national schools with Catholic teachers and Catholic managers than any other diocese in Ireland, the system can produce fruits so bitter, who can estimate how deplorable the evils inseparable from its operation in those districts which do not enjoy those enviable advantages?

The new ecclesiastical college at Bruges, founded by the munificence of an English convert, has this week been opened for work—the Rev. Abbe Dessein is President. Five students, already far advanced in their course, have been transplanted from England, three from St. Cuthbert's, Ushaw; two from St. Edmund's, Old Hall. Flemings have a peculiar aptitude for acquiring our difficult language; we trust, therefore, that it may greatly assist in supplying the great want of the Catholic Church in England.

[Weekly Register.

The Giornale di Roma of the 13th February states that on Saturday (12th Feb.) His Eminence Cardinal Mattei, sub-deacon of the Sacred College, accompanied by the Prelates Mons. Ferlisi, Patriarch of Antioch, Mons. Giraud, and Mons. de Falloux de Coudray, all three Cannons of the patriarchal Basilica of the Vatican, went in grand state to return, on the part of the Sacred College, the visit of His Eminence Cardinal Van Rauscher, Archbishop of Vienna, as also to M. de Riossy Rosas, ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of her Catholic Majesty at the Court of Rome.

It is stated in The London News that the Bishop of Nevers, who has just returned from a tour in Belgium, reports that the Catholic clergy in that country intend to resist to the death the new law rendering them liable to prosecution for incendiary political discourses in the pulpit.

The Journal de Rennes states that the bull for the erection of the bishopric of Rennes into an archbishopric was sent from Rome on the 14th of February and is now in Paris. It adds that by special favor to the bishop, Mgr. St. Marc, the Pope has decided that other certain preliminary measures relative to his installation shall be dispensed with.

A Martyrdom in 1835.—The Abbe Marchand, a French priest of the Diocese of Besancon, quitted his country in 1829 for the mission of Lower Cochin China. When the persecution of 1833 broke out, he refused to quit his post, for he served One who had said "The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep." For a long time he succeeded in escaping the search of the blood-hounds who were on his track. In September, 1835, during the civil war which then raged, he was captured, and the heart of Minh-Menh was filled with exultation. Conducted forthwit to the capital, and surrounded with all instruments of torture, in order to intimidate his soul, his examination commenced.

"Are you Phu-Koai-Uhon?"

This was the Chinese name of the Vicar-Apostolic.

"No, I am not."

"Where, then, is he?"

"I know not."

"Are you acquainted with him?"

"I know him, but it is long since I have seen him."

"How many years have you been in this kingdom?"

"Five years."

That night the flesh of both his thighs was burned off with red-hot irons, and then he was enclosed in a cage two feet and a half in width, and so he passed the night. On the morrow he was again brought forth, and then was enacted a scene of unutterable horror, at the bare recital of which the heart grows faint and nature shudders. At a signal from the presiding mandarin, five men held him down, while five others plunged at the same moment as many bars of hot iron, each eighteen inches long, into as many different parts of his body. The strong heart of the martyr of Jesus Christ did not fail, though the anguish was more than mortal man could bear; yet even the sharp and bitter cry of agony was obedient to faith, and as the smoke rose up, and the tender flesh seethed under the burning rods, the baffled heathen only heard him exclaim:

"O, my Father!"

And now they mocked him when the irons had grown cold in his body, and cried out: "Father of the religion of Jesus!" and then they asked him questions of his religion.

"Why do Christians tear out the eyes of the dying?" they said, alluding to the anointing of the eyes by extreme unction.

The victim, gathering all his strength, answered:

"They do not so; no such thing is ever done."

Upon this five fresh irons were applied to him.

"Why do married people," they asked, when these in their turn had become cold, "stand before the priest round the altar?"

He could still speak, so he said:

"They come into the assembly of Christians to ask a blessing on their union."

A third time his agony re-commences.

"What enchanted bread do you give to people who have confessed, to make them cling so firmly to their religion?"

"It is not bread," replied his dying lips, "it is the body of our Lord Jesus Christ Incarnate, and becomes the nourishment of the soul."

Thus, at the last, he witnessed for God; but it was not over yet, though fifteen deep and ghastly furrows had been burned in his body. They offered him food to eat, which he refused. And now two executioners advance, each armed with a sharp and heavy blade; a rolling of drums is heard, and when it ceases both his breasts are lying on the ground. He makes no movement. Again the drums are heard, and again two great pieces of flesh are cut from him. He turns his eyes to heaven, then nature yields, and he bows his head before they have finished their work.

["Christianity in China," by T. W. M. Marshall.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

THE WAR EXCITEMENT STILL CONTINUES

EXTENSIVE NAVAL AND MILITARY PREPARATIONS IN FRANCE.

Austria and all Germany Preparing for War.

The last news from Europe comes to us by the screw steamship Weser, which left Cork on the 6th inst., and arrived at this port on the 18th inst. The Weser belongs to the Bremen line, and in consequence of an accident during her passage, was obliged to put into Cork.

IRELAND.

INTERMEDIATE MIXED POPULATION.—On Thursday week the friends of this movement met at the Athenæum, Cork, for the purpose of consulting upon the means best adapted to forward the object which their association had in prospect. The assembly was exclusive. The Catholic clergy were absent. Amongst those present were: John Arnott, Mayor; the Protestant Bishop of Cork; Wm. Hackett, Knt., J. P.; John Gordon, Knt.; Robert Kane, Knt., F.R.S.; John Benson, Knt.; Thos. Deane, Knt.; Daniel Clancy, D.L., J.P., Charleville; Andrew J. Wood, D.L.; Lieut. Col. Wood; Charles Sugrue, J.P; James Morragh, J.P.; Daniel Donegan, Alderman; George Penrose, Alderman; Robert Scott, Alderman; John M'Macnamara, Alderman; Henry Harding, J. P.; John William Edden, J.P.; Michael Gould, T.C.; Alexander F. M'Namara, J.P.; Dennis O'Connor, M. D.; J. Henry Corbett, M. D.; Michael M'Namara, J.P.; John Besnard, J.P.; Bernard R. Shaw, J.P.; Carbery B. Egan, J.P.; Thomas P. Boland, J.P.; Ed. Burke, T.C.; Richard Dowden, (Rd.); Michael M'Carthy, Barrister; Albert Callanan, M.D.; Justin McCartie, Barrister; Bryan Galway, Solicitor. We abridge from The Reporter:

The chair was taken amid loud cheers by the Right Hon. Lord Fermoy. The Protestant Bishop proposed the first resolution: "That the friends of united education disclaim the charge of excluding religious instruction from the system they desire to encourage and extend, such system being but an extension of that which has been already so signally successful in elevating the moral and social condition of Ireland, without having interfered with the religious freedom or convictions of any portions of the people." Charles Sugrue, Esq., J.P., said that the Right Rev. Catholic prelate, to whom, in spiritual matters, he acknowledged unreserved obedience, he claimed for himself freedom of judgment in matters exclusively temporal, involving, as a consequence, the exclusive right of determining the persons by whom and the pursuits in which he would educate his children.

The Mayor proposed the next resolution: "That, in the opinion of this meeting, a necessity exists in this locality, and throughout Ireland generally, for the institution of a large, liberal and well-organized system of united intermediate education for the youth of the middle classes."

James Lambkin, Esq., seconded the resolution, stating he would not have done so were he not a Catholic. He was so convinced of the truth of his creed that he was not afraid to see arguments of any force brought against it. Sir Robert Kane, who was warmly received, said, united education had not been condemned by the highest authority of the Catholic church. At the synod of Thurles it was declared that the security for faith and morals was not sufficient by a majority of one, the numbers being 13 to 14. If united education, in the abstract, was declared inadmissible, would Catholic students not have been interdicted from frequenting places of united education? But such was not done. Of 468 students matriculated in Cork since its foundation, there were 227, or 48 per cent. of Catholics. Of that 227, 65, or 28 per cent. had been sent from purely ecclesiastical Roman Catholic schools. Alderman Donegan proposed the next resolution, which was—"That for the complete establishment of such a system as is contemplated by this meeting the intervention and aid of the state are deemed indispensable." The Rev. Mr. Webster seconded the resolution. Horace Townsend, D. L., proposed the next resolution: "That a memorial, founded on the foregoing resolutions, be adopted for presentation to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant." Daniel Clancy, Esq., D. L., Charleville, moved the next resolution: "That the Right Hon. Lord Fermoy be requested to sign the same on behalf of this meeting, and to transmit the same for presentation, together with a copy of the requisition for convening this meeting, as well as of the resolutions adopted thereat." The petition was unanimously adopted. It is to be entrusted for presentation to the Lord Bishop of Cork in the House of Peers, and B. F. Beamish, Esq., M. P., in the House of Commons. The proceedings then terminated.

BOARD OF NATIONAL EDUCATION.—Mr. Keenan has been appointed by the Lord Lieutenant, a chief of inspection. Mr. M'Creedy, who has been hitherto sole chief of inspection, is a Protestant. Mr. Keenan's successor as head inspector is Mr. J. G. Fleming, who has been a district inspector in the service of the National Board for a great number of years. Mr. Fleming was formerly a distinguished student in the Irish College at Rome, and is the author of the School Atlas which bears his name. The chiefs of inspection have most important duties to perform; they have to supervise and deal with every report or document from an inspector which reaches the board, and they have to direct and govern the whole body of inspectors and the whole machinery of the education system throughout the country. [Freeman.

THE PHŒNIX CONSPIRACY.—Another arrest was made in the County Kerry on the 1st March. The prisoner, who is named Moynahan, is a master of a National school, and rather advanced in life. He is charged with being an active member of the Phœnix conspiracy.

The Archbishop of Tuam has subscribed to the fund collected for the defense of the Phœnix prisoners. His letter accompanying the money is published at Cork. He says he has "much pleasure" in subscribing towards that "laudable object." The following significant passage occurs in the letter: "If the Church is justly opposed to illegal associations and such as shrink from the fair avowal of their principles, it is no less opposed to those unhallowed combinations of bigoted might by which truth and innocence are so frequently overborne."

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN AND SECRET SOCIETIES.—Dr. Cullen's Lenten Pastoral has the following: "As secret societies are the cause of the greatest evils to religion, tending to promote impiety and incredulity, and most hostile to the public good, the Catholic Church has solemnly excommunicated all her children who engage in them. Hence, no Catholic can be absolved who is a Freemason, a Ribbonman, or enrolled in any other secret society."

ABSENCE OF CRIME.—The judges of assize are now going circuit, and everywhere they are offering their congratulations to the grand jurors on the unparalleled absence of crime, as indicated by the lightness of the calendar. What a significant verdict upon the false charge preferred against our nation by the landlord conspirators who lately called for coercion for the most peaceable people in Europe! The legal profession is going to the ducks because the people are so quiet. There is a good deal of anxiety felt for the foolish young Phœnicians who are to be tried in Cork and Tralee, but funds have been collected to help to procure them the means of legal assistance on their trials, and they have retained the services of an able bar, led by one of the most eloquent advocates in Ireland, Mr. O'Hagan, Q. C.; Mr. Sullivan, Q. C.; John O'Hagan, Mr. Coffey, and other able young barristers will render valuable aid to Mr. O'Hagan in procuring for these young men what every one must wish them—a "fair trial."

ENGLAND.

The English papers are full to overflowing with speculations on the threatening aspect of European affairs. The probability or improbability of a general war is discussed daily in editorials and letters of correspondents, without arriving at any satisfactory conclusions, and though the Government professes to believe in the continuance of peace, there are indications that it is not thought advisable to trust implicitly to a contingency.

The Malta Times says that orders had been received from England to put the island and fortress of Valetta in a state of defence, and that the works were being carried out.

Lord John Russell intended to call a meeting of the liberal members of the Commons to consider the course to be taken on the Government Reform bill.

The London Globe of the 4th inst. says: "We have every confidence that the measure will be dealt with from no desire to make the crisis subservient to personal ends, and that principal members of the liberal party will be animated with a spirit of co-operation which the great interests they represent have a right to demand on an occasion so important."

There has been a discussion in the House of Commons on the condition of the West Indies, and the best means of procuring a supply of industrial emigrants for them. The employment of Coolie emigrants *was defended on the grounds both of policy and humanity.* Sir E. B. Lytton considered it as great a benefit to the emigrant as to the planters. The discussion was postponed until papers bearing on the subject were procured by the Government.

The guarantee to the Atlantic Telegraph will be contingent upon the success, and will be assured on the capital only as long as telegraphic communication is continued without interruption.

In the House of Commons Mr. S. Fitzgerald stated that the notice given to the Hanoverian Government on the 14th of August last for the termination of the Stade due was still in force, and that under it those dues would terminate on the 14th of August next.

FRANCE.

The preparations for war are open and undisguised. One hundred and twenty gunboats are constructing on the Mediterranean. The colonels of the French regiments are instructed to be ready to call in the men belonging to their regiments who are out on furlough. The Twenty-seventh regiment of the line has received the whole of its equipments, even to its field tents, and it is under orders to move at the shortest notice. It is stated that an army of the Alps will be formed, and the command of it entrusted to General McMahon of Malakoff celebrity. Meanwhile a portion of the army of Lyons has received orders to hold itself in readiness, and a telegraphic dispatch from Paris is all that is required to send it at a couple of hours' notice to Toulon and Marseilles, where transports are in readiness to receive it. Orders have been sent to Cherbourg to arm and prepare the Imperial yacht to sail 15th April. The furniture for the Imperial apartments on board is to be sent from Germany at the end of the present month. The state departments at Fontainbleau are to be got ready, and it is rumored that a visit is expected from important personages.

The Paris Moniteur under date of March 5 says that the announcement in The Constitutionnel that the Emperor ordered the French troops to evacuate Rome and withdraw to Civita Vecchia *is at least premature.*

The Havre journals announce that Prince Napoleon has just entered into a contract with a great shipping house of Bordeaux for the conveyance of ten thousand Chinese immigrants into Martinique.

A letter from Paris, dated on the 2d inst., in the evening, to The Cork Examiner, says: "Among the flood of gossip which is going the rounds of Parisian *salons*, I may mention the belief that if Lord Cowley's mission does not succeed, the declaration of war of France against Austria will be dated on the 11th of April. That is the anniversary of the treaty of Fontainbleau in 1814, when the Emperor Napoleon abdicated the throne. As a mere political curiosity your readers may like to see the first article of that treaty: "His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon renounces, both for himself, his successors and descendants, as well as for all the members of his family, all rights of sovereignty over the French Empire, the kingdom of Italy and any other part of Europe." This treaty was signed by Caulaincourt, Duc de Vicence; Marshal Ney, Prince da la Moskowa; Marshal Macdonald, Duc de Tarento; and Prince Metternich.

AUSTRIA.

Warlike preparations are pushed on here with as much vigor and energy as in France. The journals are becoming more warlike and less conciliatory in their tone, and the war fever, according to the Vienna correspondent of The London Times, is spreading all over Germany. In Italy the army has been placed on a war footing; all the important positions in Lombardy are being strengthened, and everything is in readiness for a campaign. The Cabinet of Vienna has agreed to maintain 150,000 men in Lombardy alone.

The official Gazette of Vienna, of the 4th of March, contains the following in its non-official part:

As soon as the notification in writing from Cardinal Antonelli shall arrive here it is understood that the evacuation of the States of the Church by the Austrian troops will follow, because in this, as in the entry of the troops, the desire of the Holy Father is decisive.

SARDINIA.

The Piedmontese on their side are not idle. The fortifications of Allessandria are said to be nearly ready. The French semi-official journals announce that the Sardinian reserves are to be called under arms.

RUSSIA.

It is pleasant to turn from the warlike preparations of France and Austria to the following interesting item from Russia:

An estimate has been drawn out of the expense of establishing an electric telegraph which will cross the whole of Eastern Russia and Siberia and end at the Pacific. The Czar has conceded permission to a joint stock company for the construction of a railway from the Don to the Volga. By this means the Mediterranean and Black Seas, the Sea of Azoff, the Caspian Sea, Central Asia, and the most distant regions of Siberia, will be placed in communication with Odessa, Vienna, Paris and London.

PRUSSIA.

The Prussian ministry, urged by the repeated proposals of several States of the Zollverein, have decided upon proposing to the Zollverein resolutions prohibiting the exportation of horses on all the frontiers, without exception.

The circular issued by the Prussia Cabinet on the 20th February expresses the opinion that existing difficulties and the real danger of a European rupture do not arise so much from the impossibility of solving any special questions, as from the tone which has been assumed between the Cabinet of Vienna and Paris, and which has risen to such a height as to give rise to serious uneasiness. The king's government, animated with a sincere desire to preserve the validity of treaties, has directed its efforts to the task of pointing out, both at Paris and Vienna, the incalculable danger of a conflict. Our neutral position will enable us to give counsel to both sides. This position we share with the British Cabinet. In the co-operation of Russia also we see another guarantee for the successful result of our policy.

AN INDIAN SCENE.—Hitherto you have been travelling through woods interspersed with prairies, now there lie before you prairies varied by occasional patches of wood. When you come within a few miles of the Sansbois Creek, however, you see signs of a more vigorous vegetation; you come upon fences, corn-fields and herds of cattle, and frequently catch a glimpse through the trees of a log-house. If you follow the road into the forest that forms the broad border of the Sans-bois, you will hear at almost every hour of the day the strokes of a smith's hammer falling briskly and regularly on the glowing iron and the anvil beneath it, as long as the industrious cheerful smith is able to wield it. Following the sounds of the forge, you find your way through the herds of sleek, well-fed cows and oxen, who are reposing comfortably across your path, and are not at all inclined to allow themselves to be disturbed in the very pleasant occupation of chewing the cud; you come soon to a clearing, and to the paling of a farmyard, in the middle of which rises a rough but well-built log-house; some Indian children are wallowing about before the door, and a haughty-looking cock is observing their proceedings, while his own large polygamous family is picking up a living about the yard; a cleanly dressed Indian woman is following her domestic occupations, her dark earnest eyes continually turning to her youngest darling, rolling there in the grass; some large dogs are stretched out in the shade of a tree, and would enjoy completely the sweets of idleness, were it not for the trouble of snapping occasionally at a tiresome fly. But unwearedly the mighty hammer continues its strokes, so that the little smithy trembles again, and the bellows draw long, deep breaths. The wayfarer lingers, and almost fears by his entrance to disturb the pretty picture; but at length, tying his horse to the nearest tree, he approaches the paling, and immediately a heap of grunting members of the household, who have been sunning themselves voluptuously on the other side, scuffle snorting away in their fashion announcing his approach. The signal of alarm is now given, the dogs spring up and rush at the stranger—the children make for the house-door—baby turns round curiously in its mother's arms—the hens flutter away into the bushes, and the cock, by an arrogant cackling, expresses his opinion of the intrusion. Somehow the alarm that has been sounded finds its way into the smithy; bellows and hammer stop, and a sooty Indian advances to the door, and extending his hand with a friendly "How do you do?" invites the stranger to enter his abode, while his assistant, a blue black negro, leaves the fire to take care of itself to welcome the unexpected visit from a white man. In the meantime the train has come up; visitors make their appearance one after another at the little farm, and begin to look about them for eggs, milk, butter, chickens, and such like dainties, for which they gladly pay high prices, and the eyes of the Indian woman sparkle at the sight of the cash, for already in her mind's eye she sees the pretty stuffs and gay ribands which this unlooked-for windfall will enable her to procure. The Indian smith sells the travellers some head of cattle, a wagon-load of maize, and is even induced without much difficulty to accompany the expedition, as guide, as far as Gaines Creek, on the frontier between the lands of the Choctaws and Chickasaws.

HTE GHOST WITH A WOODEN LEG.

A Tale of the Staten Island War.

WRITTEN FOR THE RECORD.

In that terrible year when men shook for fear,
Thinking a civil commotion was near,
When dire Treason sat in
The Island of Staten,
Arousing the ire of the folks of Manhattan;
When, strange, paradoxical, ominous thing,
A republic was governed—*for once*—by a King.
In that year necromantic,
When science pedantic
Soaring up to the heights of the ultra-romantic,
Gave voice to the speechless though noisy Atlantic.
And every old fable
Was thrown into the shade by the Telegraph Cable
In that year there befel
The very strange tale that I'm going to tell.

And now having given the data to go by,
The reader who's any way skilled in chronology,
Will not have much trouble in fixing the year,
And so, without preface, prologue or apology,
(Dear reader, excuse this unwilling tautology.
'Tis the rhyme that's in fault;
I struggle, believe me, as much as I ought—
Still I'm but the ship and the rhyme is the gale,
I may tack to larboard or port, but what does't avail,
For wherever it blows to that point I must sail;
And this I will say, tho' perhaps you can guess it,
That all poets do it though all don't confess it.)

* * * * * *

Never was seen such a fearful night;
The stars were hid and no gleam of light
Shot thwart the gloom; the winds piped loud,
The light twigs snapped and the tall trees bowed,
And the seas deep voice as it dashed on the shore
Seemed eager to join in the wild uproar.
Yes, the wailing wind and the grumbling sea
Were that night as angry as well could be, [be,
And I thought to myself what a good thing 'twould
Since they never met but to disagree,
If they'd make up their minds to part company.
It was pitchy dark, as I said, without,
The wind was blowing great guns at sea,
And it levelled the tents all round about
As a butcher an ox, or a woodman a tree.
(Note here, when the wind has its dander up
And comes sweeping down for a fierce attack,
Not even the bravest can beat it back.)

In the midst stood a tent
Which never bent
Nor bowed its head to the conquering blast;
But stood like a tower
In that trying hour
When others shrank from the tempest's power
And cowered as it went careering past.

Within that tent the lamplight falls
Like a spectral shade on the canvass walls,
And the iron beds that tell of privation,
Endured without hope of remuneration
By militia-men for a thankless nation.
Just think of them there
Hemmed in by waves, no help *from* or *by* land—
Exposed to forays from fierce Sepoys—
Who are almost as bad as New York b'hoys—
On the shores of historic Staten Island.
Oh, little think they,
At home who stay,
Of these hapless men adown the bay,
For while they're safe and sound upon dry land
They care not a cent for Staten Island.

Whenever the wind made a sudden pause
From that tent re-echoed the loud guffaws;
Or a snatch of song that surely draws
A burst of hearty, spontaneous applause;
But after a time the laughter died
The talk grew serious—the merry tide
Was on the turn;
And they spoke of ships that went down at sea
And of ancient houses that haunted be,
Which is but a proof of antiquity;
For a writer who knows what he is about
Puts a ghost within when there's ivy without,—
And of tipping tables and dancing chairs;
Thus the night stole by them unawares.
Now it's a well known fact that many men
Who would beard the lion in his den,
Or lead a charge, or guard a post
'Gainst any odds, would shrink from a ghost,
And this I don't say to detract from their merits
For the *best* men are often 'fraid of *spirits*.

"Alas!" said one, in a lachrymose tone,
"If 'twere only known
How many a poor unfortunate fellow
Has died from the fever yclept the yellow
On that humble bed, 'twould affright the boldest."
With a shiver that put one in mind of the coldest
December night, the occupant rose,
And furtive glances he threw around
While amid the sudden silence was heard,
Distinctly heard, a tapping sound,
That was like—like what? I know full well—
There's a simile somewhere, if I could but get it—
Something about a bird and a tree
That would suit to a T, or a nicety;
But I can't, for it's gone. Well, I don't care, just let it;
I'm not going to worry and fret about it
But try if I can't get along without it.

Again and again came that gentle knock,
And he who had sprung from the bed now stood stock-
Still, while others rushed to the door,
And the sound that we speak of was heard no more.

'Twas just the witching hour of night,
The storm was over, the moon shone bright,
The fairweather moon that well I ween,
Like a New York policeman is seldom seen
When wanted;
But when troubles are over and storms are past
Both come forth undaunted.

They looked around but nought did they see
Save the solemn graves and the lonely sea,
Over which frowned Fort Hamilton's battery.
In the distance the City of Gotham lay
With its circling rivers and sparkling bay,
And the sweep of Long Island shore was seen
And Fort Lafayette,
That's unfinished yet,
And will be for many a year, I ween;
But no fluttering white robe was seen to glide
Over grass green grave or up steep hill side—
Afar or near, by pillar or post,
There was nothing that fancy could take for a ghost.

"Well," said one, as they entered the tent,
"There's something strange in this place, I know,
For the other night I saw a sight
That is always before me wherever I go,
And I have been warned, if my life I'd save,
Never to stand by yon grass-grown grave,
With the broken stone;
If I do I shall die unwept and alone."
The merry twinkle in his eye
Gave the cue to a comrade nigh,
Who, speaking up, said, he well knew
Facts that were known to a certain few,
How many things both fearful, and hard
To believe, had occurred in that old grave-yard,
That he himself would now recite,
Something that happened the other night.

"Hold," cried another, "wait a minute,
I've that to tell which has meaning in it:
I had a dream the other night
When everything was still,
I thought I saw a spectral form
A hopping down the hill;
A rusty sword was by his side,
That might of service boast,
But guess my terror when I saw
'Twas a wooden-legged ghost.
I saw him well, for the moon shone o'er us,
And he sang as he moved the following chorus:
'Oh! fellow-soldiers! don't be afraid, I beg,
I couldn't hurt you if I would, I'm the ghost with a wooden leg.'"

"As I hope," exclaimed one, "to save money and buy land,
'Twas the wooden-legged ghost of Staten Island,
That goes hopping around
With a pit-a-pat sound,
And ever comes—ha! that's it again."
"Stop that knocking," shouted one,
Who could hardly speak for fun—
"What though you've lost a *pin*,
Never mind it man, step in."

"'Tis too late for a visit, the night is far spent;"
Said the leader, "Let each man retire to his tent.
Remember, no lights and no fires, though the night's chill and damp,
For discipline must be maintained in the camp."

He of whom I've already spoken
As having exhibited signs of fear,
Now gave unmistakeable token
That he dreaded nothing so much as the near
Approach of the time when he'd be alone.
Oh, sad mishap,
In the dark, too, and nothing to do but hear
With his acute and now nervously sensitive ear
Each ghostly tone and each spiritual *rap*.

* * * * * *

An hour has passed and two forms are seen
Stealthily gliding the tents atween,
To one where a pale and glimmering light
Is dimly seen in the bright moonlight,
And after patrolling it round about,
One exclaims with the voice of a stentor, "lights out!"
There was a noise within of excitement and flurry
And the lights were extinguished in a hurry."

But who can paint the man inside
And tell how severely his courage was tried,
For scarce was he dozing and half asleep
When again that sound, though not loud nor deep,
Woke him in fright.
Oh! that weary night!
Never did man long more for the light,
The blessed light of the Exorcist day,
Which drives fears and mists and spirits away.
He feared to move, he feared to rise,
He did not dare to open his eyes,
Lest some fearful shape should blast his sight.
To depict the terrors of that dread night
I own is a task beyond me quite.
To do justice to such a subject really
Would require the powers of weird Fuseli
Who could conjure up all kinds of horrors at will,
And horror on horror accumulate still;
But this is a talent I don't possess
And the want of it therefore I frankly confess.

The strangest part of this very strange story
Reader, I've got to lay before you;
The sentinel who that night kept guard,
Hearing a strange monotonous sound,
And therefore wheeling rapidly round
Saw, distant a hundred yards or more,
A figure hurrying on before.
"Halt!" he shouted; "halt there I say,"
As well might the night say "halt" to the day,
Or the child to the rainbow, "stay oh stay;"
Or one storm cloud say "hold" to another,
Or a dashing wave to its frolicsome brother.

On went the Form and on went the man,
The former has ta'en to the sloping hill
And each step brings the latter nearer still.
Oh, Shape! Oh, Form! whatever thou art,
If thou art vital in any part;
If there's a spot in which thou canst feel,
Remember—be warned by Achilles' heel;
A foe is upon thee—I see his eyes glare—
Beware of the courage that springs from despair.
Oh, laggard! why tarry? Oh, braggart! why brave?
On, onwards! quick, quick! if thy life thou would'st save.
I hear the fatal click of a gun;
Thou'lt be doubly dead ere to-morrow's sun.
It snaps. Oh man have pity I beg!
He whom thou chasest has but one leg.

He sees, he knows it, he cries "the ghost!"
In a tone that might freeze a Salamander—almost;
Or a government eulogist seeking a post.
He reeled, he staggered, and down he dropped,
And his gun through the shock this motion gave
Went off, and lo, you! the spectre popped,
Like a winged bird behind the grave.
And never more did that ghost appear,
As far as we know, on this mundane sphere;
No, never more, in valley or highland,
By dawnlight, or starlight, on sea, or on dry land,
Was seen the famed ghost of Staten Island.

Some say that after an hour or so
A man was observed from that grave to go,
And they even add that on the ground
A discarded wooden leg was found;
But this I am sure is a sheer invention,
And, in fact, I believe it's not right to mention
Such malicious reports, or give circulation
To such groundless, cold-blooded defamation;
For, altho' you may say there's two sides to a story,
I'm not, therefore, bound to lay both sides before you,
The right side's sufficient—I'm not bound at all
After showing a mirror to turn the glass to the wall.

NATIVES—NEW ZEALAND.—The first Maories I say were lying about basking in the sun at Lyttelton. Tall, with unkempt hair and rolling eyes. The men tattooed round the noses, the women in the lips, and moreover with an excellent idea of the value of a "hiokapenny" (sixpence). All wear the blanket, but this is thrown off without scruple if the weather is warm; and I was especially struck, though not agreeably, with the shrunken appearance of what ought to be calves; they certainly could not advertise in The Times as "gentlemen possessed of undeniable legs," &c. But at Wellington there is a great improvement in the race; some of them actually have legs. The women, too, that is the young ones, ogle you with their great black eyes as if they understood the art of flirting. I once saw three or four chiefs and their wives at a birth-day ball at Government House; the men looked stiff and unhappy in white chokers and swallow-tailed coats. The women wore European gowns, but having no idea of crinoline, were painfully straight up and down. One day, I and some excursionizing companions came upon a pa. We first encountered quantities of dogs, who surrounded us, howling, but took good care to keep out of the range of missiles. Most of the men were absent, and we were gazed at by troops of female savages, in various states of undress. Seeing that we were peaceably inclined, they came up timidly, like a herd of deer, and then bounded away, laughing merrily. However, the distance was speedily shortened, and we were soon on very good terms. Some of the young girls were very pretty. They had big languishing eyes, and their hair was carefully oiled and combed. The old women resembled the hags in "Macbeth," with shrivelled up parchment faces and blue lips, a horrible medley of sounds issuing from the latter, to which the croaking of frogs would be pleasant music. Robinson, one of our party, was a dreadfully handsome dandy, and came into the bush adorned with red coral studs, and having quantities of rings on his delicate white hands. This display of jewelry took the fancy of our dark beauties immensely. The present of a stud and some tobacco soon made us very good friends, and we squatted comfortably on one of their huts till the approach of dusk, and—shall I confess it?—the fleas made us anxious to go.

FACETIÆ.

DEFINITION OF NOTHING.—At the Donegal (Ireland) Assizes, the following humorous cross-examination of a witness occasionod much merriment in court:

Mr. Doherty—"What business do you follow?"

"I am a schoolmaster."

"Did you turn off your scholars, or did they turn you off?"

"I do not wish to answer irrelevant questions."

[Laughter.]

"Are you a great favorite with your pupils?"

"Ay! troth am I; a much greater favorite than you are with the public."

"Where were you, sir, this night?"

"This night!" said the witness; "there is a learned man—*this* night is not come yet; I suppose you mean *that* night?"

Here the witness looked at the judge and winked his eye, as if in triumph.

"I presume the 'schoolmaster was abroad' that night, doing nothing?"

"Define nothing," said the witness.

Mr. Doherty did not comply.

"Well," said the *learned* schoolmaster, "I will define it—it is a footless stocking, without a leg."

[Roars of laughter, in which the judge joined.]

"You may go down, sir."

"Faith, I well believe you're tired enough of me; but it is my profession to enlighten the public, and if you have any more questions to ask I will answer them."

NOT COMFORTABLE YET.—A highly respectable and wealthy farmer in Connecticut gives the following as his own experience: "When I first came to settle, about forty years ago, I told my wife I wanted to be rich. She said she did not want to be rich—all she wanted was enough to make her comfortable. I went to work and cleared up my land, I've worked hard ever since, and got rich—as rich as I want to be. Most of my children have settled about me, and they have all got farms—and my wife ain't comfortable yet."

THE TWO PEDLARS.—A pedlar with his cart, overtaken by another of his clan on the road, was thus addressed:

"Holloa, friend, what do you carry?"

"Rum and whiskey," was the reply.

"Good!" replied the other, "you may go ahead—I carry grave-stones!"

A vender of cement described it as peculiarly useful in mending jars.

"Would it mend the jar of a door?"

"There is no occasion for it in that case," said the pedlar, "for that is sound enough."

"Would it mend family jars?"

"In that case, again, there is more sound than sense," replied the pedlar, and vamosed.

One winter's day, looking in at the window of a print shop, Brown felt some one at his pocket. As there was only one bystander, he instantly turned round, and, looking him full in the face, said, "Your hand, sir, was in my pocket!" "Was it, sir?" the other very calmly replied, "I really beg your pardon, if it was; but the weather is so very cold one is glad to put one's hands anywhere!"

Mrs. Partington says that if she should be cast away, she would prefer meeting with the catastrophe in the "Bay of Biscuits," for then she should have something to live on.

When Peter the Great was in France, the Marquis de Nesle appeared before him every day in a new dress. "Surely," said the Czar to him, "your tailor must be a very bad one, that he can never fit you."

"You would be very pretty indeed," said a coxcomb, patronisingly to a young lady, "if your eyes were only a little larger." "My eyes may be very small, sir," she replied, "but such people as you *don't fill them*."

When Erskine was at the bar, preparing for Stockdal's trial, a friend called upon him whilst lunching off bread and cheese and porter. "What makes you drink 'heavy wet?'" said his friend. "To bring my mind down to the level of the judges, to be sure," was his quick reply.

Poor Spintext, who was not much of a pulpit orator, came into the chapel, one day, drenched with rain, and said to a brother who stood by, as he shook and brushed and wiped his clothes, 'I shall certainly take cold if I go into the pulpit so wet." "Oh no you won't," was the reply, "you are always *dry enough there*."

A person of the name of Broom, having been knighted, naturally enough liked to hear himself addressed by his new title. One of his friends, however, persisted in calling him plain Broom, and one day, having done so for the fortieth time, Broom said with becoming dignity—"You will remember, sir, that I have a handle to my name." "Ah," said his tormenter, "have you? Well, Broom-handle, how are you?"

On returning home after a duel, Lord Alvanley gave a guinea to a hackney-coachman who had driven him out and brought him back. The man, surprised at the largeness of the sum, said, "My lord, I only took you to ——." "My friend," interrupted Alvanley, "the guinea is *for bringing me back*, not for taking me out."

BUSINESS NOTICES.

METROPOLITAN RECORD.
AGENCY IN PHILADELPHIA.

Persons desiring to subscribe for The Record in Philadelphia, will be promptly served at their residences at an early hour on Friday mornings, by leaving their address with DOWNING & DALY,
No. 139 South Eighth street,
mh5 tf Two doors above Walnut.

O. E. DUFFY, CATHOLIC BOOKSELLER AND Periodical Dealer, No. 429 E street, Washington, D. C. All the Catholic Papers for sale. The Metropolitan Record always on hand. mh5 3m

HENRY ENGELBERT, Architect, removed to
No. 300 BROADWAY,
near Duane street, New York.
Refers to Very Rev. Wm. Staars, V. G.
Rev. J. Lewis, Clifton, S. I.
M. O'Connor, Esq., Clifton, S. I.
C. Gignoux, Esq., Clifton, S. I. 26f 4t

D. DEVLIN & Co., CLOTHING WAREHOUSE, No. 258, 259 AND 260 Broadway, corner of Warren street, beg to inform their friends that they are now prepared with a very extensive stock of latest styles of SPRING CLOTHING for wholesale and retail trade. Their Merchant Tailoring and Furnishing Stocks are also fully assorted with the latest importations, containing all the new and desirable fabrics. All of which they are prepared to offer at low and uniform prices. An early call is respectfully solicited.
j29 tf D. DEVLIN & CO.

☞ Our friends in Brooklyn can pay their subscriptions to and receive receipts from Michael Nevin, No. 180 Fulton street, and James Nevin, No. 302 Fulton street.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES INSURANCE COMPANY,
No. 40 Wall Street, New York, March 16, 1859.

TRIENNIAL DIVIDEND.—The Board of Directors have this day declared a dividend of Twenty-two and a half per cent on the premiums paid, and an addittition of Nineteen and one-tenth per cent to the amount of all previous dividends, being the third triennial division of profits on policies in force to the 4th March, 1859, payable in cash when the sums insured become due.

TRIENNIAL BALANCE SHEET.

ASSETS.

Bonds and mortgages	$363,960 69
Cash in Bank of America	8,756 02
Cash in United States Trust Company	29,412 20
Real Estate in Brooklyn	5,687 19
New York City Revenue Bond	10,000 00
Deferred Premiums	44,176 45
Due by Agents	19,958 42
Loans on Policies	83,904 31
Interest accrued	9,163 57
Total assets	$525,024 57

LIABILITIES.

Capital	$100,000 00
Dividends of 1853 and 1856	85,686 13
Losses reported or known	25,000 00
Reinsurance Fund	255,269 43
Surplus	109,069 01
Total liabilities	$525,024 57

PRESIDENT—JOSEPH B. COLLINS.

DIRECTORS.

Joseph B. Collins,	Shepherd Knapp,
Luther Bradish,	Edward S. Clark,
James Suydam,	Isaac N. Phelps,
James Marsh,	Francis T. Luquear,
John J. Cisco,	John J. Phelps,
Isaac A. Starm,	Charles E. Bill,
John A. Luqueer,	Clinton Gilbert,
Josiah Rich,	Jacob Harsen,
Charles M. Connolly,	William B. Bolles,
Thomas C. Doremus,	H. K. Corning,
B. F. Wheelright,	John C. Baldwin,
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Daniel H. Arnold,	Lucien D. Coman,
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JAMES W. G. CLEMENTS, M.D., Medical Examiner.
GEO. P. CAMMANN, M. D., Consulting Physician.
J. B. GATES, General Agents. mh26 1t

ORGANS.

ORGANS.—JARDINE & SON, ORGAN BUILDERS, No. 100 White street, New York.
REFERENCES.
Right Rev. Bishop Portier, Mobile.
Right. Rev. Bishop O'Connor, Pittsburgh.
Right Rev. Bishop Gousbriand, Burlington.
Right Rev. Bishop Bacon, Portland.
Right Rev. Bishop McCloskey, Albany, &c., &c.
j29 1y

CHURCH ORGANS.—HENRY ERBEN, Organ Manufacturer, keeps constantly on hand CHURCH AND PARLOR ORGANS.
For particulars as to size, price, &c., inquire at the manufactory, 173 Centre street, New York. 26f 1y

TOBACCO.

THE VIRGINIA TOBACCO AGENCY,
ESTABLISHED IN 1836.
CHARLES M. CONNOLLY & CO.,
No. 45 Water street, New York,
Commission Merchants and Agents for the sale of Manufactured and Leaf Tobacco, solely on Commission.
j29 8m

IF YOU DESIRE A TREAT IN THE Smoking line try JULIAN ALLEN'S Granulated Smoking Tobacco. Retailed at Segar Stores—10 cents per paper. Wholesale, 120 Water street, New York. $5 54 per gross. j29 1y

CARPETINGS.

CARPETING.
1859. 1859.
IMPORTATIONS OF NEW AND CHOICE PATTERNS FOR SPRING SALES.

SMITH & LOUNSBERY,
No. 456 Broadway,
Are now prepared to exhibit their
NEW SPRING STYLES OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CARPETING,
Comprising every description and grade, from the
RICHEST TO THE CHEAPEST FABRIC,
And embracing a great variety of new and elegant patterns and shadings.

Our orders and contracts having been completed previous to the recent important advance in prices, we are enabled to offer our stock at
PRICES MUCH LESS THAN MARKET RATES.
Among the stock will be found:
New Patterns MEDALLIONS, various sizes, 12s. to 14s. per yard.
New Patterns VELVET, best English makers, 10s. to 13s. per yard.
New Patterns TAPESTRY, best English makers, 7s. to 9s. per yard.
New Patterns BRUSSELS, best English makers, 9s. to 11s. per yard.
New Patterns THREE-PLY, foreign and domestic, 7s. to 9s. per yard.
New Patterns INGRAIN, foreign and domestic, 2s. to 7s. per yard.
English and American
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,
Any required width, from 4s. to 10s. per yard.
With a choice assortment of all other articles connected with the trade. Also,
WINDOW SHADES,
DRAPERY, LACE and MUSLIN CURTAINS,
And TRIMMINGS of every kind to suit.

Our Upholstery Department is complete, and all orders will be
EXECUTED WITH DISPATCH,
And satisfaction guaranteed.
SMITH & LOUNSBERY,
mh19 tf No. 456 Broadway, (near Grand street.)

CARPETS AT OLD PRICES.
Same as before the recent heavy advances.
ENTIRELY NEW SPRING PATTERNS.
J. Crossley & Son's Tapestry, (newest styles...$1 00
Best English Velvets, (choice patterns,)..... 1 60
Lowell and Hartford Three-plys..... 1 00
Superfine Ingrains..... 70
Extra Ingrains..... 75
All-wool Ingrains, in great variety.....45c.@60
ALSO A FULL ASSORTMENT OF
Oil Cloths, Hair Carpets, Druggets, Mats, Mattings, Rugs, Stair Rods, &c., &c.
LORD & TAYLOR,
mh19 3m Nos. 255, 257, 259 and 261 Grand st.

ENGLISH CARPETING
IMPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CITY TRADE,
BY
HIRAM ANDERSON,
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Splendid Medallion Velvets, Bordered.
Elegant Tapestry Velvets, Crossley's make.
Royal Wilton Velvets, new styles.
Crossley's five-frame Brussels Carpets.
A superior assortment of Church Carpets.
Imperial 3-ply Carpets, new styles.
Ingrain Carpets of every variety.
Chaste and elegant Carpets for Altars.
Library, Dining-Room and Hall Carpets.
Superb Velvet and Brussels Stair Carpets.
OIL CLOTHS.
A splendid stock from 3 to 24 feet wide.
DRUGGETS
And English Felts from 1 to 4 yards wide.
RUGS.
Mosaic, Wilton, Axminster, Cheneille and Tufted.
MATTINGS.
Gowgua, Canton and Rope Mattings and Mats.
Gold, Painted and Landscape Window Shades.
Velvet and Paris Cloth, Table and Piano Covers.
&c., &c.,
At Extraordinary Low Prices!!!
SIGN OF GOLDEN EAGLE,
mh19 3m No. 99 Bowery.

CARPET AND OIL CLOTH WAREHOUSE.
JOHN W. HEALY,
111 Bowery, near Grand street, New York,
Importer, Jobber, and Retailer of
CARPETING, FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, CANTON and COCOA MATTING, DRUGGETS, &c. &c.
The stock contained in this establishment embraces every item appertaining to the CARPET TRADE, from the most expensive foreign fabric to the lowest price domestic article, and all goods sold are warranted as represented.
The Clergy, Churches, Convents and Charitable Institutions will be furnished at Manufacturers' prices.
Orders executed with exactness and despatch, and goods Packed and Shipped free of charge.
JOHN W. HEALY,
j29 8m 111 Bowery, New York.

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 BOWERY, NEW YORK.
Importer and Manufacturer of
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, DRUGGETS, MATTINGS, &c.
At wholesale and retail—for cash.
The clergy, charitable and public institutions, churches and nunneries furnished at wholesale prices.
Experienced upholsterers always on hand, to execute with neatness and despatch, all orders for churches, altars, or private dwellings, either in town or country.
The name of DONNELLY—so well and favorably known to the Catholic community of the United States—is a sufficient guarantee that customers will be dealt with in a fair, honorable, and upright manner.
ARTHUR DONNELLY,
j29 98 Bowery, New York.

SELPHO'S PATENT ELASTIC LEG AND HAND
Combines new and valuable improvements to all who require them. Call or address
62f 8m WM. SELPHO, No. 516 Broadway, N. Y.

CLOTHING.

TWIN TEMPLES OF FASHIONS.
SMITH BROTHERS,
(the Marble Stores,)
Nos. 122, 188 and 140 FULTON STREET,
Between Broadway and William street,
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THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
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ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.
The price is marked on all the goods in plain figures.
ODE.
Those mansions of marble, oh say if thou knowest
O'er which the gay standard Fashion's of unfuried,
Where the welcome is warm and the prices are lowest,
And the clothes are the cheapest and best in the world?
If not—fly at once! To Smith Brothers betake you,
They best can assist you to bear out your plan,
For they either have got or speedily will make you,
The best suit of clothes ever seen upon man.

SPRING STYLES OF CLOTHING,
For promenade and dress; for the workshops, the counting-room and ball.
Including our new styles of
TIP TOPS FOR SPRING OVERCOATS,
THE OLIPHANT AND BLOOMER SACKS,
THE BISHOP FROCK,
SMITH'S OWN,
AND OUR WATER-PROOF DUSTER.
All of which are entirely new and made expressly for our city trade.
OUR BOYS' DEPARTMENT
Contains an immense stock of everything that is necessary to supply the demands of the rising generation.
THE PRICE OF EVERY ARTICLE IS MARKED,
And from that price (being the lowest possible) there can be
NO DEVIATION.
"Economy, durability and elegance. Good materials, good style and good workmanship. Small profits, quick returns, and cash for everything."
THESE ARE
The business maxims which SMITH BROTHERS practice.
BY THESE
They have acquired public favor and support;
AND BY PERSISTING IN THESE
They will maintain and extend that reputation.
mh19 3m

MUSIC.

NOW READY,
ONE HUNDRED IRISH AIRS, second series, (Nos. 101 to 200,) arranged for the Piano Forte, with a fine lithographed title, "Shule Aroon," 48 pages of music, printed in the best manner, price $1. Sent free by mail on receipt of the amount by
P. M. HAVERTY, Publisher,
mh19 3t No. 112 Fulton street.

INSURANCE.

EXCELSIOR FIRE INSURANCE CO.—
CASH CAPITAL.....$200,000
Office, No. 6 Broad staeet, New York. This Company insures all kinds of buildings, household furniture, merchandise, vessels in port, and other property, against loss by fire. EUGENE PLUNKETT, President.
HENRY QUACKENBOS, Secretary. j29 1y

WINES AND LIQUORS.

P. M. FALLON,
IMPORTER
AND WHOLESALE DEALER IN
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC LIQUORS AND SEGARS,
No. 136 CEDAR STREET,
Near West street,
26f New York.

JOHN McLOUGHLIN,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
TEAS, COFFEES, WINES AND GROCERIES.
GENUINE IRISH WHISKEY.
PURE WINES
FOR ALTAR PURPOSES
ALWAYS ON HAND.
12f tf No. 44 Fulton street, New York.

G. H. MUMM & CO., REIMS, Give notice that all their Wines, for the future, will be packed in cases, and marked as under:

VERZENAY	G. H. MUMM & CO. VERZENAY, D.
DRY VERZENAY	G. H. MUMM & CO.
CABINET	CABINET CHAMPAGNE
IMPERIAL	G. H. MUMM & CO. IMPERIAL CHAMPAGNE.
ROYAL ROSE	G. H. MUMM & CO. ROYAL ROSE
CORDON ROUGE	G. H. MUMM & CO. CORDON ROUGE.

They find themselves called upon to make this change to protect their customers from other wines bearing similar names. All corks will bear their trade mark, the EAGLE, instead of the former mark, the ANCHOR, which has been imitated by other houses.
The labels will bear, as heretofore, the name of G. H. MUMM & CO. FRED'K. GORDON ROUGE.
No. 60 New street,
j29 tf Sole Agent for the United States and Canada.

IRISH WHISKEY.—POSITIVELY THE best brand in this market, and pays the highest duty. Sold in its purity at 50 cents per sample bottle, or $2 per gallon. Also, fine Scotch and Bourbon Whiskeys, Old London Dock Brandies, vint. 1840 to 1853; fine Champagnes, fine Port Wine bottled in Oporto by Osborn & Co.; Sherries, Madeiras, Claretz, etc.
f5 tf H. B. KIRK, No. 33 Fulton street.

ALTAR WINE.—CONSTANTLY ON hand a general assortment of Sauterne, Sherry and Madeira, in glass or from the wood; also, for family use.
JOHN J. STAFF, No. 360 Broadway,
j29 near Franklin street

THOMAS A. NUGENT, BOOKSELLER and Stationer, 123 Avenue C, (corner of Eighth street,) keeps constantly on hand, at lowest prices, a good assortment of Catholic Works, Bibles, Prayer Books, Crucifixes, Scapulars, Rosaries, Pictures, Images, &c. Also, Newspapers, Periodicals, &c., &c.
j29 3m

UNDERTAKERS.

WILLIAM T. A. HART, SEXTON AND FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,
Coffin Warerooms, No. 287 Bowery.
Livery Stables, No. 285 Bowery.
All orders punctually attended to, day or night. f5

WAREROOMS OF FISK'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES.
HUYLER & CO.,
FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS,
No. 836 Broadway, near Spring street, New York.
Wood coffins furnished. Undertakers supplied with every requisite for funerals. Fisk's Patent Metallic Burial Cases, air-tight and indestructible, for protecting and preserving the dead for ordinary interment, for vaults, for transportation, or for any other desirable purpose. Prices, adults' size, $25 to $60; childrens' do., $8 to $20. mh12 1y

JAMES DOWD,
Sexton of St. Francis Xavier Church, and Undertaker, No. 119 Eighteenth street, corner Seventh avenue, New York. 13f 6m

SHIPPING.

OLD BLACK BALL LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.
ROCHE, BROTHERS & COFFEY, AGENTS,
No. 69 South street, New York.
ARRANGEMENTS FOR 1859.
Persons desirous of sending for their friends now residing in the Old Country, can make the necessary arrangments with the subscribers, and have them brought out by the "BLACK BALL, OR OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS," sailing from Liverpool punctually on the 1st and 16th of each month, or by first class American ships weekly.
Should those sent for decline coming out, the money will be returned to the parties here, on producing the Packet Certificate and the receipt.
The "Black Ball, or Old Line of Liverpool Packets," comprise the following magnificent and fast sailing ships:

Harvest Queen (new,)	Columbia,
Isaac Webb (new,)	Fidelia,
Great Western,	Manhattan,
New Ship,	Yorkshire,
James Foster (new,) Capt. E. W. Peabody.	
Neptune (new,) Capt. J. W. Porter.	

Provisions of the best quality are provided for the passengers, and are served out at the rate per week of 1¼ lbs. beef, 1 lb. pork, 3½ lbs. bread, 1 lb. flour, 1½ lbs. rice, 1½ lbs. peas or beans, 1½ lbs. oatmeal, 2 lbs. potatoes, 1 lb. sugar, and 2 oz. tea, for each adult passenger.
We issue drafts at sight for any amount on the Royal Bank of Ireland, Dublin, which are paid in all the towns and cities in Great Britain and Ireland, free of discount.
Apply, or address (if by letter enclosing a postage stamp) ROCHE, BROTHERS & COFFEY,
No. 69 South street, corner of Pine, N. Y.
AGENTS.
Boston, Mass.—Patrick Donahoe.
Cincinnati, Ohio.—W. B. Barry & Co.
Lowell, Mass.—P. Sheahan.
New Haven, Conn.—P. Morrissey. 26f 1y

FOR SOUTHAMPTON AND HAVRE.—The United States Mail steamer ARAGO, J. A. Wotten, commander, will leave for Havre touching at Southampton to land the mails and passengers, on SATURDAY, April 2, at 12 o'clock, from Pier No. 57 North River, foot of Beach street. This ship has five water-tight compartments, inclosing the engines, so that in the event of collision or stranding, the water could not reach them, and the pumps being free to work, the safety of the vessel and passengers would be secured. Baggage not wanted during the voyage should be sent on board the day before sailing, marked "Below."
For Freight or Passage apply to
W. S. DRAYTON, Agent, No. 7 Broadway.
N. B.—The steamer FULTON will succeed the ARAGO, and sail April 30. mh12 tn2

ATLANTIC ROYAL MAIL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S NEW YORK AND GALWAY LINE.—The next departure from New York will be the steamship PRINCE ALBERT, Captain Waters, on THURSDAY, 3d of March next, touching at St. Johns, N. F., to receive the royal mails. Prices of passage: First class, $100; Second, $50; Third, $30, including free tickets to all the principal cities on railway routes in Great Britain. Third class must provide plate, knife, fork, &c., and bedding. Passage to St. Johns: First class, $35; Second, $25. For freight or passage, inquire of the American Express Company, No. 61 Hudson street, and at their other advertised offices in the interior. Passage in the third class can be secured at any of the above offices to bring persons out from any of the principal cities on the lines of railways in Great Britian for $35, or from Galway for $30.
AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY,
ALEX. HOLLAND, Manager.
NEW YORK, Feb, 14, 1858. j29 3m

FINANCIAL.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK—No. 51 CHAMBERS STREET.—This Institution has been established for the purpose of affording to Emigrants and others a SAFE PLACE OF DEPOSIT for their FUNDS, to protect them from robbery and fraud.
It is conducted with the strictest economy; neither the Officers nor Trustees receive any compensation for their services. The profits belong to the depositors, and will be divided among them, having due regard to the safety of their funds.
The last dividend was six per cent upon all sums of $500 and under, and will be continued or increased as the profits may justify.
Book open to receive deposits daily, from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., and from 4 to 6 P. M.

TRUSTEES.

William Watson,	Hugh Kelly,	Edward W. Tiers,
John Nicholson,	Charles O'Conor,	Chas. M. Connolly,
And'w Carrigan,	James Olwell,	C. H. Sheban,
James Kelly,	John R. Nesmith,	Edward Bayer,
James Kerrigan,	John Milhau,	Daniel Devlin.

JOSEPH STUART, President.
FELIX INGOLDSBY, First Vice President.
JOHN MCMENOMY, Second Vice President.
THERESE DONNELLY, Treasurer.
LOUIS B. BINSSE, Secretary.
PETER CREBAR, Accountant.
JOHN MANNING, Comptroller. jy29 1y

STATEN ISLAND FANCY DYEING Establishment.—Office Nos. 3, 5 and 7 John street, two doors from Broadway, New York. Complete with every desirable apparatus, and provided with the combined talent and artistic skill of the French, the German and the American, the undersigned are prepared to demonstrate to their customers that, pre-eminent as may have been their previous reputation, their motto is "Excelsior." In dyeing, cleansing and re-finishing ladies' and gentlemen's apparel, silk velvets, satins, merino, cloths, &c., &c., they mean to stand unrivalled, and they solicit the continued custom of the community.
Goods received and returned by express with the utmost promptitude and care.
BARRETT, NEPHEWS & CO.,
mh12 3m Nos. 3, 5 and 7 John street,
(2 doors from Broadway.)

ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL, UNDER the charge of the SISTERS OF CHARITY, West Eleventh street, near the Seventh avenue. mh5 tf

DISASTROUS RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—SEVERAL PERSONS KILLED AND INJURED.—The express train on the Great Western Railway ran off the track near Hamilton on the night of the 18th inst., demolishing the cars and killing several persons. The storm, it appears, had washed away the bank, and the engine ran into a chasm nearly twenty feet deep, with the baggage car and two passenger cars. The scene is represented as more horrible than that at Desjardin's Bridge. A terrific storm was prevailing, and the water was washing over the mountain, and there was great difficulty in succoring the wounded or extricating the dead. The cars were a perfect mass of wreck, and the locomotive was completely buried in the soil. The night freight train passed over the spot in safety half an hour before the accident happened. The baggage car fell above and on the locomotive, the first passenger car ran aslant upon this, the second passenger car slid under, and upturned the edge of the first, and the third running into this, had its corner carried away.

Those killed, as far as ascertained, are as follows:

Jones Boyer, of Chicago, Ill.; Alexander Braid, of Hamilton, C. W.; G. Morgan, engineman; W. Milne, brakeman. Two names not reported.

The following are reported wounded, some of them seriously:

Henry Post, of Buffalo, N. Y.; W. W. Smith, of Kalamazoo, Mich.; F. D. Adams, wife and children; E. D. Bryant, of Pontiac, Mich.; Thomas Sackett, of Livingston Co., N. Y.; G. H. Smith, of Livingston Co., N. Y.; Adam Wilson, of Hamilton, C. W.; Hiram Cook, of Cleveland, Ohio; Columbus Desser, of Detroit, Mich.

There were others injured, whose names are not reported. Several breaks are reported on the road, as also on the Toronto line.

THE BOSTON SCHOOL PERSECUTION.—The Augustine Literary Society, a society connected with St. James' Church, in this city, and numbering about sixty members, passed the following series of resolutions at their meeting on St. Patrick's Day, in regard to the recent case of persecution in the Eliot School, Boston:

WHEREAS, That we, as Americans and Catholics (and standing upon the assertion of the uncontrovertible fact of our profession of one being compatible with our duty as the other), find it incumbent upon us to express our sense and feelings upon the report of the expulsion of Catholic children from a Boston Public School for refusal of their refusing to recite the peculiar version of the Lord's Prayer established by King James; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That we approve of, and admire the spirit, so characteristic of the American, manifested by the boys on that occasion, in asserring their first right and privilege, which is their inheritance as Americans. And

RESOLVED, That we feel highly indignant at what we consider the sapping at the foundation of our great institution of liberty of conscience; and that the effort to force a Catholic and American child to address his Maker in the words of the version alluded to, by corporal punishment, as only having a parallel in the history of the persecution to which our holy Church has been subjected,

P. CORLIES, Secretary.
JOHN G. BROSNEHEN, Secretary.

Thursday, March 17, 1859.

We may add that we are glad to see the manly expression of indignant feeling which this outrage on our rights as Catholics and American citizens has evoked from the members of the Association—a feeling which the fair and candid of all denominations must entertain.—ED. RECORD.

CURIOUS EFFECTS OF A THUNDER STORM.—It is now rather more than two years since that a foreign family went to reside at Bideford. One of the young ladies was then bedridden, and continued so up to about a month since. At that period the neighborhood was visited by a terrific thunder storm, and the effect upon the patient was such that she was suddenly restored. [Western Press.

LEFT OUT.—We are obliged to defer the publication of our concluding article on the Academy of Mount St. Vincent till our next number.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WANTED, TO COMPLETE SETS.—The Dublin Review, Nos. 9, 10, 43, 44, 45, 46, 77, 78, 81, 82, 83, 84 85, 87, 89.

$1 50 per number will be given for any of the above numbers.

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It is decidedly the best place to buy nice
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As good and complete as possible,
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Which we are offering this season, and have no doubt it will be found the
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Examine our
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j29

MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—A SITUATION, BY A respectable girl, to do chamberwork, washing and ironing, or as child's nurse and seamstress. She has lived six years in her last place, and only leaves on account of her mistress going boarding. Please call at 125 Orchard street. mh19 2t

ROMAN CATHOLIC ORPHAN ASYLUM.—Application for the admission of children to the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylums, and for the withdrawal or binding out of same, are to be governed by the following regulations, which have been adopted by the Committee on Admission and Binding:

1. No applications for admission will be entertained by the Committee unless accompanied by a written recommendation from some reliable person, and from the pastor of a church in the parish in which the applicant resides, the latter recommendation being indispensable.

2. Every application must be in writing, and state name of child, age, whether orphan or half orphan, names of parents, place of birth of child, and parents' residence, and must be presented at the Asylum in Prince street.

3. Applications in accordance with the above will be considered by the Committee at their semi-monthly meetings, which take place at the Asylum in Prince street, on the second and last Wednesday of every month at 7 o'clock P. M.

4. Orders for admission will be issued by the Chairman on the day after the meeting at which the application has been approved, and are subject to the medical examination to said order.

5. The number of half orphans that may be admitted in either asylum has been limited by the Board of Managers to a certain number, which the Committee on Admissions and Binding are not allowed to exceed. The surviving parent of any half orphan admitted will be required to sign an agreement expressing the conditions upon which said half orphan is admitted.

6. No orphan can be withdrawn by a relative, unless after approval by the Committee, to whom an application therefor must have been previously furnished, and who will require relative so applying to qualify as guardian according to law.

7. Applications for binding out are to be left at the Asylum in Prince street, and will be acted upon at the time above specified, and in cases of emergency, by the Chairman, during the recess.

8. Children that have left, or been withdrawn from the asylums, cannot be re-admitted.

9. Any further information can be obtained from the Committee, to whom all communications must be addressed at the Asylum in Prince street.

JAMES B. NICHOLSON,
Chairman of Committee.

CHARLES TOAL,
THOMAS REILY,
L. B. BINSSE,
L. J. WHITE,
} Members of Committee.

L. B. BINSSE, Secretary. mh12

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Five to eight bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of Kings Evil.
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If proof is required to convince the readers of this paper of the good effect and excellence of this medicine, we refer them to the following beautiful testimonials:

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ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORB,
Superioress St. Vincent's Asylum, Boston.

ANOTHER.

DEAR SIR: We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphans in our charge, from your valuable discovery. One in particular suffered for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well. SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH.
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Why a beautiful Head of Hair.
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PROF. WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE,
if used two or three times a week, will soon and permanently secure to all such an ornament. Read the following and judge. The writer of the first is the celebrated pianist, Thalberg:

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DR. WOOD—Dear Sir: Permit me to express to you the obligations I am under for the entire restoration of my hair to its original color; about the time of my arrival in the United States it was rapidly becoming gray, but upon the application of your "Hair Restorative" it soon recovered its original hue. I consider your Restorative as a very wonderful invention, quite efficacious as well as agreeable. I am, dear sir, yours truly,
S. THALBERG.

"Dryeh n'r Gwyllelyet."
WELSH NEWSPAPER OFFICE,
No. 13 NASSAU-ST., April 12, 1858.

PROF. O. J. WOOD—Dear Sir: One month or six weeks ago I received a bottle of your Hair Restorative, and gave it to my wife, who concluded to try it on her hair, little thinking at the time that it would restore the gray hair to its original color, but to her, as well as my surprise, after a few weeks' trial it has performed that wonderful effect by turning all the gray hairs to a dark brown, at the same time beautifying and thickening the hair. I strongly recommend the above Restorative to all persons in want of such a change of the hair.
CHARLES CARDEW.

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† P. F., Archbishop of Quebec.

BISHOP TIMON OF BUFFALO.

A good manual of prayer is of great advantage to the Catholic public. Such, we think, is the "St. John's Manual," published by the Messrs. Dunigan & Brother, with the approbation of the Most Rev. Dr. Hughes. At the request of the publishers we cheerfully recommend it to the faithful.

† JOHN, Bishop of Buffalo.

Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Dec. 8, 1856.

BISHOP LOUGHLIN OF BROOKLYN.

We most cheerfully recommend the "St. John's Manual," approved by the Most Rev. Dr. Hughes.

† JOHN, Bishop of Brooklyn.

† ANDREW, Bishop of Little Rock.

Brooklyn, Dec. 10, 1856.

BISHOP McCLOSKEY OF ALBANY.

I fully approve of, and recommend the Prayer-Book entitled "St. John's Manual," and published by Dunigan & Brother.

† JOHN, Bishop of Albany.

BISHOP YOUNG OF ERIE.

Your "St. John's Manual" is certainly the most comprehensive and complete Prayer-Book that I have met with in the English language, while its various instructions and devotions seem admirably adapted to guide and, I would hope, stimulate the piety of the faithful. Your enterprise, in bringing it so neatly and so sumptuously, will, therefore, be a success entirely well deserved, on which I congratulate you.

† J. M. YOUNG, Bishop of Erie.

BISHOP BACON OF PORTLAND.

It is unnecessary to ask my approval of a Prayer-Book presented to the Catholic public with the approbation of our most venerated and Rev. Archbishop, I have, however, examined the work since the reception of a copy, and think it most appropriate to the use of the faithful. I offer you my congratulations on your enterprise and zeal, and pray that you may be ever successful and reap a rich harvest in return.

† DAVID W., Bishop of Portland.

BISHOP SPALDING OF LOUISVILLE.

Having examined the Prayer-Book, "The St. John's Manual," lately published by Dunigan & Brother, we take pleasure in uniting with the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, in approving the same, and in recommending it to the faithful in this diocese.

† MARTIN JOHN SPALDING,

Bishop of Louisville.

BISHOP CONNOLLY OF ST. JOHN.

Your truly splendid "St. John's Manual" is quite equal, if not superior, to any thing of the kind I have seen in the old country, and must be, I am sure, all that could suit the taste of the fastidious at this side of the Atlantic.

† THOMAS L. CONNOLLY,

Bishop of St. John.

BISHOP HENNI OF MILWAUKEE.

Aside from its truly handsome mechanical execution, well worthy of your firm, "St. John's Manual" is a well-selected and complete compendium of devotion for a great portion of our people. May they profit by your noble endeavor, for such is the wish of

Yours, truly devoted,

† JOHN MARTIN, Bishop of Milwaukee.

Feb. 22, 1857.

BISHOP BOURGET OF MONTREAL.

Having examined a new Prayer Book, entitled "St. John's Manual," published by the house of Dunigan & Brother, New York, we approve it by these presents, and recommend it to the piety of the faithful.

† IG., Bishop of Montreal.

Montreal, Feb. 27, 1857.

BISHOP DEMERS OF VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

I am happy to avail myself of this opportunity to add my humble approbation to that already given the "St. John's Manual," by many Archbishops and Bishops of this country. * * * * Among the many works of piety offered to the Catholic community, I have no hesitation in saying that "St. John's Manual" deserves an eminent rank.

† MOD. DEMERS, Bishop of Vancouver's Island.

June, 1857.

BISHOP MILES OF NASHVILLE.

I highly approve of the "St. John's Manual," and recommend it to the Catholics of my Diocese, and all others of the United States.

† RICHARD PIUS MILES, Bishop of Nashville.

Nashville, March 4, 1857.

BISHOP MARTIN OF NATCHITOCHES.

I already knew this excellent book from the unanimous commendation of our Catholic papers, but I must acknowledge I had no correct idea of its high merit and value.

"St. John's Manual" is certainly, in every respect, superior to any Prayer Book ever published in this country, nor do I know of any one in Europe so complete in what is usual, and so rich in precious selections.

Receive my share of gratitude, as a Bishop, for your persevering endeavors to make yourself useful to our Holy Church.

† AUG., Bishop of Natchitoches.

Nachitoches, March 3, 1857.

BISHOP LAROCQUE OF CYDONIA.

"St. John's Manual" having been carefully examined by his Grace, the Archbishop of New York, I cannot but have every confidence in its perfect orthodoxy. The approbation which we ask of mere right refer only to its utility. In this respect, I do but simple justice in awarding my praise to the judicious and pious discernment with which the author has compiled the many prayers and instructions contained in this collection. May "St. John's Manual" find its way to every family; it will meet every want, and satisfy every desire as a book of devotion.

† JOS., Bishop of Cydonia.

St. Hyacinthe, March 9, 1857.

BISHOP McGILL OF RICHMOND.

An examination of the table of contents, and the general plan of your new Prayer Book, the "St. John's Manual," satisfies me that it is a very useful and elegant book of devotion. It seems to be at once comprehensive and complete, containing valuable instructions concerning the sacraments and other matters of Christian practice, and offering most beautiful prayers and appropriate exercises for the different devotions and pious associations, which the Church approves as aids to a spiritual life.

† JOHN McGILL, Bishop of Richmond.

BISHOP BLANCHET OF NESQUALY.

The approbation of the Most Archbishop of New York is, doubtless, the best evidence of the usefulness and value of "St. John's Manual." Yet I cannot withhold my humble approbation, which I willingly add to that of the illustrious prelate.

† AUGUSTINE M. AL., Bishop of Nesqualy.

Washington Territory, May 21, 1857.

BISHOP BARAGA OF SAUT SAINTE MARIE.

After a due examination of "St. John's Manual," published by Messrs. Ed. Dunigan & Brother, (James B. Kirker) New York, I find that it is the most complete and perfect Prayer Book that ever has come to my knowledge, not only in English, but also in several other languages. It is a new proof of the old assertion, that the Catholic community of the United States are under great obligations to Dunigan & Brother's old publishing establishment for the compilation and publication of useful Catholic works.

† FREDERIC BARAGA,

Bishop of Saut Sainte Marie.

June 1, 1857.

EDWARD DUNIGAN & BRO.,

f5 No. 371 Broadway.

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CENTRAL PARK UNPAID ASSESSMENTS.—NOTICE TO OWNERS OF PROPERTY.—The owners of property assessed for Central Park are hereby notified that the said assessments are expected to be paid on or before May 5, 1859, with 7 per cent interest from Feb. 5, 1856, the date of confirmation by the Supreme Court, and unless said assessments are paid by May 5 next, the assessment list will be sent to the Clerk of Arrears, when interest will be charged at the rate of twelve per cent per annum from the date of confirmation. The property assessed is embraced in the following lots, viz: All those pieces of land situated in the said city, bounded as described as follows, that is to say: on the north by the centre line of blocks between 116th and 117th streets, on the south by the centre line of the blocks between Forty-first and Forty-second streets, on the east by the centre line of the blocks between Second and Third avenues, on the west by the centre line of the blocks between Tenth and Eleventh avenues; and also all those certain other lots, pieces and parcels of land fronting on either side of Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth avenues, between 116th and 120th streets; and all those certain other lots, pieces or parcels of land fronting on either side of Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth avenues and Broadway, between Thirty-third and Forty-second streets, as laid out on the map of the commissioners, on file in this office.

DANIEL E. DELAVAN, Collector of Assessments.
COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, No. 8 City Hall, basement.
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